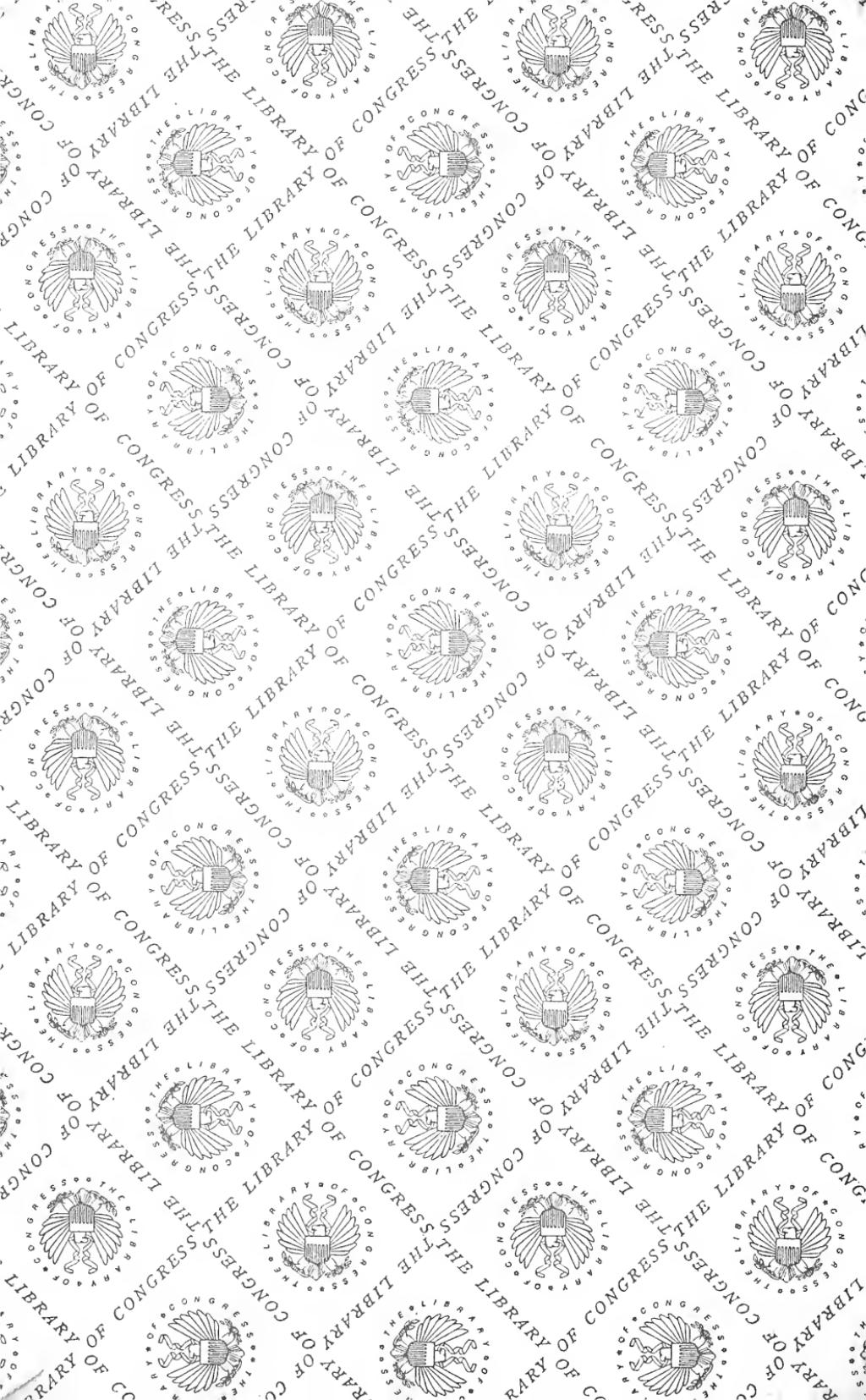
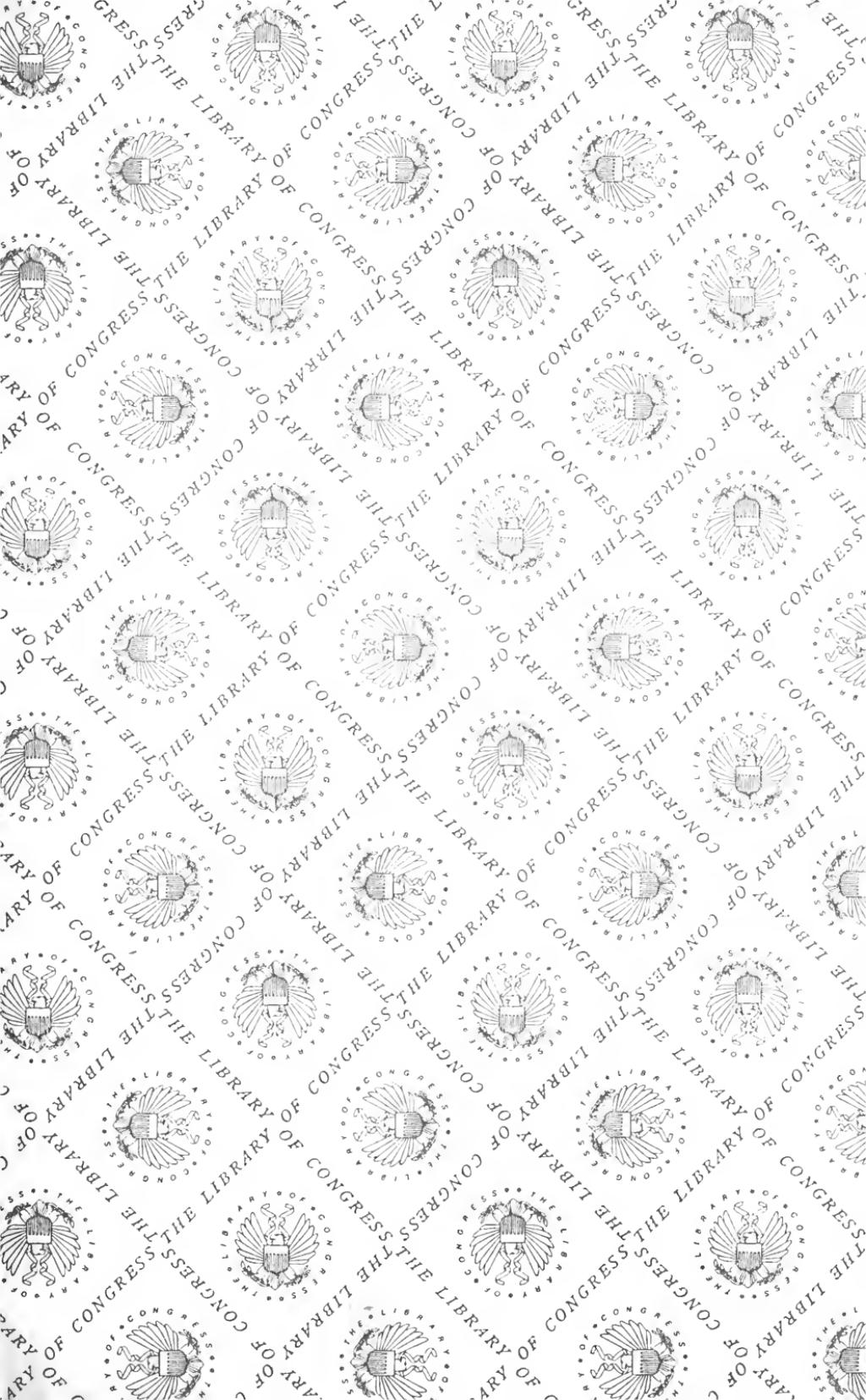


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JOSEPH GALES, JUNIOR, EDITOR AND MAYOR.

JOSEPH GALES, JUNIOR, EDITOR AND MAYOR.

BY ALLEN C. CLARK.

(Read before the Society, October 21, 1919.)

“That prince of editors, the accomplished Joseph Gales,” said Robert C. Winthrop. Mr. Gales was preëminent as an editor. But that he was a Mayor of the Corporation of Washington gives him a distinction worthy of a biography. It will be the policy of this paper to let those who have spoken say it over again. The policy will account for the abounding quotation. The writer recognizes that his paraphrasing and elaboration would mar beauty and brevity—to illustrate from Dean Swift:

“In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six.”

And the warning of the praised Pope I shall heed, not to write that which must be understood,

“Plutarch, that writes his life,
Tells us that Cato dearly loved his wife.”

The Gales ancestors live at Sheffield, England. At Sheffield brittania ware and silver plating were invented. It is renowned for its cutlery and all manner of steel instruments and implements. The writer thinks more of Sheffield through Dickens’ pathetic fiction—“Brooks of Sheffield.” Mr. Murdstone was matrimonially plotting for “the pretty widow—the bewitching Mrs. Copperfield.” Mr. M. to his companion, Mr. Quinion, spoke of the widow’s incumbrance, Davy, “Only



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Brooks of Sheffield." And Mr. Q. gave the sharp shaver a little sherry and a biscuit and stood him up and had him deliver the toast "Confusion to Brooks of Sheffield." The gentlemen laughed so heartily, the butt laughed too; then the gentlemen more heartily.

Mr. Gales' ancestry has been given a definite start. The acorn was his great-great grandfather, Richard. He guided in the path of learning the youth of Eckington, a village near to Sheffield. His son Timothy was the Parish Clerk. He married Miss Clay. Mr. Gales commented on the resemblance between Henry Clay of Kentucky and his own relatives, the Clays in England. Timothy Gales when eighty-three, attempted to cross a stream over a fallen tree, tumbled in and was drowned. This event changed in the course of time its melancholic coloring to a pleasing reminiscent shade. Mr. Seaton from Sheffield, September 16, 1855, to Mrs. Seaton writes: "I passed the little stream in which the catastrophe happened to your aged great-grandfather, and in which your brother Joseph has often cast his pinhook, and fancied that I walked the old and well-worn path by which your father and mother used to take their afternoon stroll to Eckington." The next generation was the grandfather, Thomas. He to his son, Joseph, left the memory of his virtues and nothing taxable, which has more elegantly been written "no patrimony save the indiscerptible one of probity, industry and a good capacity."

Joseph Gales, Senior, was born in Eckington, 1761. He was apprenticed in the printing and bookbinding trade. Apprenticeships of that period were often of severest servitude. The continuation of cruelties concluded when the master's wife tried to impale him with a knife. He attached himself to another master in the same craft and with better luck. The apprentice had the "passports to feminine favor" it is said, yet it

took five years of wooing to win the master's daughter, Winifred Marshall.

Mrs. Winifred Gales was a remarkable woman. She could raise the family and take care of the business and have time for other employment. She was quick to perceive and alert to act. Her life as told in her autobiography has plenty of action and sufficient event to make several thrillers in the present-day picture dramas.¹ With facility she could write in plain style or poetic style. She gathered more than slight fame with her sentimental pictures and that *Lady Julia Seaton* had a prophetic turn. In the autobiography she has: "Your grandfather Marshall's family, my dear children, were proud of their lineage, and though their claim to distinction on the score of wealth had passed away before my time, yet they were tenacious of their pretensions and loved to dwell upon the family descent. Genealogical trees, seals, parchments setting forth hereditary claims, were jealously cherished possessions, exciting my youthful interest; now, in this land where honorable conduct is the only patent of true nobility, such distinctions seem puerile; yet a degree of tenderness pervades my feelings at this retrospective view, and I am pleased to remember that my ancestors were persons of integrity, well-educated, and of no mean intellect."

Mr. Gales established at Sheffield the printing and publishing business and subsequently the book business. The first publication was the bible with annotations by Mrs. Gales. In 1787, he started *The Sheffield Register*. It was a weekly miscellany with editorial views expressed in moderation.

In 1792 came political agitation. The people called for reform and rights which the rulers called rebellion

¹ Unpublished Title: "Reminiscences which relate to Persons who came under my own observations."

and revolution. Mr. Gales through the *Register* espoused the popular cause.

Sheffield was the scene of severest struggle. Moncure D. Conway has vividly written the history under the title "Sheffield—A Battle Field of Labor" (*Harper's Magazine*, Vol. 36). Thomas Paine, having had his part in the preliminaries of war between Great Britain and its American colonies, hastened to England to have his part in these internal disruptions. Paine proved to be the firebrand which, igniting the combustible elements of the opposing parties, caused an explosion involving the ruin of many eminent men, and tending directly also to a crisis in the fortunes of Mr. Gales.

Booksellers were fined and imprisoned for selling Paine's works. To an American Mr. Gales owed his escape from similar severity. Thomas Digges, of the ancestry of Dr. James Dudley Morgan of the Columbia Historical Society, was the American. While Mr. Gales was in London Mr. Digges asked Mrs. Gales if they had any of Paine's works. "Yes, a great many." He replied "Let me then as a friend entreat you to put them carefully aside, and if inquired for, to deny possession of a single copy. I have indisputable authority for saying, that to disregard my advice would be productive of positive danger." Says Mrs. Gales, "We . . . now acted gratefully on the friendly warning of Mr. Digges, whom we next met twenty years afterwards, on the banks of the Potomac."

A letter dated "Gales's printing-office" indited by an indiscreet printer, Dick Davison, of the establishment during Mr. Gales absence, fell to the attention of the government.

A return to Sheffield spelled for Mr. Gales imprisonment. His friends—by Mr. Montgomery—urged him to put the German Ocean between himself and prosecution. He did.

In this time of turmoil came to Mr. Gales in answer to an advertisement for a clerk, a prepossessing youth who progressively matured into his assistant editor, dearest friend and finally successor to his journal.

Montgomery was the son of a Moravian minister. He had defective vision. It had the effect of depriving him of mixing in the boys' sport—of seeing less without or more within himself.

The birth of his Muse he, himself, gives, 1794; "At school, even, where I was driven like a coal-ass through the Latin and Greek grammars, I was distinguished for nothing but indolence and melancholy, brought upon me by a raging and lingering fever, with which I was suddenly seized one fine summer day as I lay under a hedge with my companions, listening to our master while he read us some animated passages from Blair's poem on the Man. My happier school fellows, born under milder planets, all fell asleep during the rehearsal; but I, who was always asleep when I ought to be waking, never dreamed of closing an eye, but eagerly caught the contagious malady; and from that ecstatic moment to the present, Heaven knows, I never enjoyed one cheerful, one peaceful day."

Although Montgomery's spirits were habitually in a low key—yet for the ages his hymns, upon which his fame is more built, will encourage and his patriotic poems inspire.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed."

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
When lighter suns disperse serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;

That land thy country, and that spot thy home!"

Montgomery in his twenty-eighth year wrote "Wan-

derer in Switzerland" which had call promptly for three editions. However, that cynical critic, Jeffreys, in the *Edinburgh Review*, conceived the author to be "some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea."

The proprietorship of the *Register* was changed to Mr. Montgomery. With the change the new owner gave the journal a new name, *The Iris*. The title, signifying messenger, may have had suggestion from Shakspeare's "Queen Margaret to Suffolk":

"For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out."

Mr. Montgomery wrote a song in commemoration of the fall of the Bastile, for which he was fined and imprisoned; and for a report of a riot in Sheffield he again became an inmate of York Castle. In prison he wrote the "Pleasures of Imprisonment."

Sir Walter Scott rhymingly wrote to Montgomery:

"Sheffield with all its works of smoke and fire,
Has nought produced superior to thy lyre."

Mr. Montgomery lived with Mr. Gales' three maiden daughters. For Elizabeth, the eldest, he had the emotion which makes the vital current run swift. At her death, he made tribute to her virtues in a poem.

"She went as calmly as at eve
A cloud in sunset melts away."

Joseph Gales, Jr., was born at Eckington, April 10, 1786, and his sister, Sarah, at Sheffield, May 12, 1789. Joseph was eight years of age when his parents took refuge in Altona, near Hamburg, in the district Holstein. Joseph's second sister had the geographic designation—Altona Holstein.² In the German place of sojourn, the Gales met Joel Barlow, famous as patriot

² *The Intelligencer*, January 6, 1814, announces marriage of Altona Holstein Gales to Rev. Anthony Forster, of S. C.

and poet, and of poetry, more for his humorous "Hasty-Pudding" than for his grand "Columbiad."

"Dear Hasty-Pudding, what unpromis'd joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doom'd o'er the world thro' devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is sooth'd my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend."

Written at Chambray, in Savoy, January, 1793.

The Gales embarked for Philadelphia and there disembarked, July 30, 1795; the passage was sixty days. Within four hundred miles of the Delaware capes the vessel was boarded by a privateer. The capture impending, the passengers assigned themselves nationalities. The Gales decided to be Americans returning from Hamburg. A lieutenant, a prize master, was left in charge. The lieutenant recognized the deceit. "An American family from Hamburg, Madam? Your husband may be an American but surely you are an Englishwoman and these children were born on British soil"—patting the heads of Joseph and Sarah. Then the prize master came up saying: "You are a Yorkshire woman, too, madam, and blessed is the sound of your voice, for it is thirteen years since I have heard my native dialect."

By Mrs. Gales' diplomacy, the prize was released by the privateer. Said the privateer's captain: "To you alone, madam, it is relinquished."³

Mrs. Gales' autobiography, of course, carried more or less of Mr. Gales. After the decease of Mrs. Gales, he in 1835, amplified her work so as to include what it omitted about himself. The autobiography and its additions are unpublished. Miss Josephine Seaton in the biography of her father, William Winston Seaton, has freely extracted from Mrs. Gales, and here, in turn,

³ A letter from Gales to Montgomery has date and address: August 23, 1795, No. 272 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

is freely extracted from Miss Seaton's most meritorious volume.

In Philadelphia, the Gales reunited the intimacy with Dr. Joseph Priestly. The Doctor—because of his liberal religious, and especially his pronounced republican ideas—found it convenient to escape to the land religious-tolerant and people-governed. And by the English contingent was organized a Unitarian church, June 12, 1796, in the University Building on south Fourth Street. Dr. Priestly's forms of prayer were adopted and Mr. Gales was the first reader.

From Mr. Gales' autobiographic additions it appears as now briefed. A travelling man appeared at his bookstore in Sheffield and showed him specimens of stenography in a book and offered to teach it to him. He took lessons until advised he was proficient. Dunlap and Claypoole, the proprietors of the *American Daily Advertiser*, employed him as a compositor. Then as a bookkeeper. Callender, the reporter of the Congressional proceedings, because of his blunders, was discharged. Mr. Claypoole inquired of Mr. Gales if he had any knowledge of shorthand and upon the relation of his experience as stated, was impressed into the vacant position. The lack of important business at first and the seizure of leisure moments for practice had the result of satisfactory service.⁴

Mr. Gales bought of the widow of Colonel John Oswald, *The Independent Gazeteer* or *The Chronicle of Freedom*. He sold it to Samuel Harrison Smith, November 16, 1797, and announced that he "will be glad to receive the commands of his friends in the Printing business at his office back of No. 126 North Second Street, or at his home, No. 36 Race Street." Mr. Smith, who changed the title to *The Universal Gazette*, claimed "His list contains more subscribers than he

⁴ *The Washington Post*, March 22, 1903.

believes at present patronize any other paper in the United States."

The annual recurrence of the yellow fever, or the persuasion of Influential politicians of North Carolina, or both, caused Mr. Gales to locate September, 1799, at the State Capital and to be the proprietor of the *Raleigh Register* and *North Carolina Gazette*.

Young Gales supplemented the elementary lessons taught by his mother, in the schools of Raleigh. Attended the University of North Carolina. He was diligent, in study, quick to learn, hilarious in play and slow in resentment. He was given to inventing devices especially of the electrical order and with his genius did astonish the natives of Raleigh. He did not attend the singing schools but he did the theatrical rehearsals with the other stage-struck youth of the sun-smiling South. It is likely on the candled-stage he had seen the American actors Warren and Wood and aspired to become a well-graced actor and in the theatre hold the admiring eyes.

Young Gales perfected himself in the arts in which his father was proficient—printing and stenography. At this time the father's plant at Raleigh was burned while yet the State printing was uncompleted. Young Gales hastened to Warrenton to Richard Davison, now successfully the proprietor of a printing-office and of a newspaper. The same Davison who in his flighty youth was the marplot of the Gales' place and prospects, was now the rescuing-hero, the johnny-on-the-spot, to save the Gales in a distressing emergency. He unhesitatingly lent his type and presses and young Gales himself quickly utilized them to publish the edition of new statutes. Young Gales added to training as a workman with Bird and Small, in Philadelphia.

The first newspaper, the English *Mercurie*, "published by authoritie, for the prevention of false reports"

and "imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her highnesses printer" is dated 1588. Her highness was Queen Elizabeth. The first regular newspaper was the *Public Intelligencer*, originated August 31, 1661 (then called a diurnal).

This historic fact probably suggested the title of the new paper launched coincident with the government at the city of Washington.

In the *Centinel of Liberty, or George-Town and Washington Advertiser*, October 14, 1800, is the announcement: "Will be Published in a short time—By Samuel Harrison Smith—at the City of Washington,—a Newspaper conducted on national—principles—To be Entitled—*The National Intelligencer, & Washington Advertiser.*"

The first issue was October 31, 1800. The publishing office was in the "Ten Buildings," at the northwest intersection of New Jersey Avenue and D Street Southeast. In it was also the home of the proprietor. The building is in the center of the row. It has a modernized front. The publisher's place of business and residence in a year was moved to Pennsylvania Avenue. The site is that where is building numbered 622 (and 623 Missouri Avenue).

The paper was a tri-weekly.

Mr. Smith continued the publication of the *Universal Gazette* as a weekly. The publication was discontinued on or about April 17, 1811.

Mr. Gales, senior, with Mr. Gales, junior, came 1807 to Washington to offer the son's services to Mr. Smith. The services were accepted. Within two years, 1809, the proprietor in recognition of the material help of his assistant took him into joint proprietorship. And within a year from the creation of the joint affair, August 31, 1810,⁵ the senior proprietor relinquished to the junior, the sole proprietorship.

⁵ At the same time Mr. Smith sold to Mr. Gales the *Universal Gazette*.

“NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER,
WASHINGTON ADVERTISER.

August 31, 1810.

“In entering on the discharge of duties in many respects arduous and delicate, I am too sensible of the insufficiency of professions to expect that they will have much weight on the public; and even if they had, I trust too much self-respect to commit myself by any derogatory promises. It is the dearest right, and ought to be cherished as the proudest prerogative of a freeman, to be guided exclusively by the unbiassed convictions of his own judgment. This right it is my firm purpose to maintain, and to preserve inviolate the independence of the print now committed into my hands.

“JOSEPH GALES, JUN.”

“August 31, 1810.”

William Winston Seaton was born one year and three months in advance of Mr. Gales. He on the amateur stage with Gales essayed the rôles of comedy and tragedy. He had had great journalistic experience. He made the propitious connection with the *Raleigh Register*. Then the happy union with the proprietor's daughter. He and Sarah Gales were married in 1809.

In the *National Intelligencer*, October 8, 1812, the announcement:

“The editor of this paper, finding its extensive concerns too multifarious for the superintendence of any individual though possessed of more industry and assiduity than he can lay claim to, has taken into connection with him in business Mr. William W. Seaton, late joint-conductor (with Mr. Joseph Gales, Senior) of the *Raleigh Register*. This arrangement, whilst it will leave the editor at liberty to devote more particular attention to the Congressional Reports and Editorial Department of the paper, will, he hopes, ensure greater correctness and better typographical execution than heretofore. His best exertions, at least, with the aid of the superior pro-

fessional abilities of his partner, will not be wanting to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage with which this establishment has been honored by the Public before and since it has been under the conduct of its present proprietor."

There is in the union between Joseph Gales, Junior, and William W. Seaton a parallel to that between (Francis) Beaumont and (John) Fletcher. These play-authors had "a community of goods as well as thoughts" and between them in the antiquary's (John Aubrey) words was a "wonderful consimility of phansy," a "dearness of friendship." . . . They lived together on the Banke side, not far from the playhouse and "had the same clothes and cloak."⁶

Charles Lanman, exactly forty-eight years after the announcement of association, *i.e.*, October, 1860, wrote:

"From this period, of course, their stories, like their lives, became united, and merge, with a rare concord, into one. They have had no bickerings, no misunderstanding, no difference of view which a consultation did not at once reconcile; they have never known a division of interests; from their common coffer each has always drawn whatever he chose; and, down to this day, there has never been a settlement between them. What facts could better attest not merely a singular harmony of character, but an admirable conformity of virtues?"

The *National Intelligencer*, January 1, 1813, became the *Daily National Intelligencer*.

Mrs. Seaton, January 2, 1813, writes:

"The issue of the Daily Paper gives us now every evening the duties of Proof Night, but Joseph and William divide their labors and cheerfully put their shoulders to the wheel which makes everything smooth and agreeable. The President admires it, and indeed every one who has seen it, with this remark. 'But I am afraid it cannot be supported in such

⁶ E. P. Whipple.

handsome style.' However, William and Joseph are both sanguine as to its success, and anticipate as many as five hundred subscribers before the conclusion of the year."

Of the side issues of the *Intelligencer* is no complete file. For many years were published semi-weekly and tri-weekly editions. A weekly edition started with June 5, 1841.

Young Gales was of the gay. Of dancing assemblies and birth-night balls he had the direction. His sister says, October 12, 1812; Joseph attended Mrs. Madison's drawing room in fine style sporting three cravats.

Sarah Juliana Maria Lee and Joseph Gales were married December 14, 1813, at Woodville, near Winchester, Virginia. Miss Lee was the daughter of Theodorick Lee, the brother of Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," the father of Robert E. Lee. The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Alexander Bailmain. The same divine performed the same office for James Madison and Dolly P. Todd in the same vicinity. Although Mr. Gales had the four pages of a newspaper to chronicle the event and give detail, important at least, to the feminine part of the city, he only appropriated sufficient space for the barest announcement.

Close to the time of his marriage, Mr. Gales bought the Crocker mansion, northwest corner of Ninth and E Streets. About the same time he bought the town residence, he acquired a country seat. The original acquirement was several times added to until the greatest number of acres was one hundred and twelve. It was of the tract of Notley Young; on the west was the road from the Capitol to Rock Creek. The old Bladensburg road ran through it. Boundary Street was the southern front. On this front was the ruin of a mill race. This mill likely gave the name "Mill Tract." The choice of location was influenced, by

the proximity to Sydney—Mr. Smith's country seat—where he was a frequent guest.

The *National Intelligencer* advocated the Republican policies of Jefferson and Madison. It censured Great Britain for trespassing upon American rights. Although Gales was English born and Seaton of Scottish descent, both were thoroughly American. At the first alarm both enrolled as privates in a volunteer company. At Fort Warburton, now Fort Washington, under Captain John Davidson they encamped. And with the gallant Captain at times ventured valiantly in search of the enemy.

Under date, July 22, 1813, Mrs. Seaton writes:

"William came from the camp yesterday, and after arranging the paper will return by daylight. He and Joseph will now come alternately during the time it may be thought necessary that the troops should remain on duty. Their friends think it out of reason that the paper should be neglected and are of opinion that the paper and continual direction of the public record printed in their office is of infinitely more importance than individual exertion they could possibly make in the camp; but this arrangement of one staying and one going would be very unpleasant, and they appear more disposed to encounter danger, or rather exertion together than separate. Joseph would more naturally incur the imputation of disinclination to defend his country from enemies than William, from the accident of being a foreigner, and therefore I should like him to prove the contrary, if he has indeed a political enemy who would be so ungenerous as to asperse his actions and motions. . . . There were only two pressman left in the office, and one of them ill this evening, so that the paper will be published with great difficulty."

Mr. Gales was absent from the city, August 24, 1814. He had taken Mrs. Seaton and Mrs. Gales to Raleigh for safety. Mr. Seaton was at the editorial post in the morning. The sound of firing warned him the British were advancing on the Capital. He dismissed

the employes—who were excused from military service by the Secretary of War to keep the paper going—to join their respective companies, and he joined his on Eastern Branch and with it marched to Bladensburg.

When Admiral Cockburn August 25, was about to burn the *Intelligencer* office, Mrs. Brush, Mrs. Stelle and other women of the neighborhood remonstrated with him, insisting that it would cause the loss of all the buildings in the row. Said he: "Well, good people I do not wish to injure you, but I really am afraid my friend Josey will be affronted with me, if after burning Jemmy's palace, I do not pay him the same compliment,—so my lads, take your axes, pull down the house and burn the papers in the street." He did not fire the building but had the library of several hundred volumes piled on the banks of the canal (that is at the rear of the building) and burned. He destroyed the type, presses and other printing paraphernalia. He assured Mrs. Brush and others only houses deserted should be injured. Mrs. Cutting and Mrs. B. saved the home of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, who had fled, by opening the windows. The housekeeper of Mr. Gales saved his residence from the fate of the office by the sharp trick of closing the shutters and chalking on the front door "For Rent."⁷

Mrs. Smith says:

"Cockburn often rode down the avenue, on an old white mare with a long mane and tail and followed by its foal to the dismay of the spectators. He, and all his soldiers were perfectly polite to the citizens. He stop'd at a door, at which a young lady was standing and enter'd into familiar conversation. 'Now did you expect me such a clever fellow; were you not prepared to see a savage, a furious creature, such as Josey represented me? But you see I am quite harmless, dont be afraid, I will take better care of you than

⁷ From accounts of Mrs. Seaton, Mrs. Samuel H. Smith and Dr. Samuel C. Busey.

Jemmy did!' Such was his manner,—that of a common sailor,—not a dignified commander."

September 5, 1814:

"The Editors of the National Intelligencer in consequence of informations already received from several patriotic citizens, of a disposition to make up the loss sustained in the destruction of their office by Donations, take this method of stating, in order to save their friends some trouble on this score, that they cannot accept of assistance of this description. Relying on the support of a just People, they hope to replace their losses by the labor of their own hands, without accepting of that gratuitous and so generously proffered, of which, unfortunately, but too many of their fellow-citizens have much greater need than they."

Mr. Gales had his city residence until August 15, 1829. His parents lived on the east side of Seventh between E and F Streets in 1834.

Mr. Gales had strong interest in local politics as well as national. He was not over proud to invite the suffrages of his party adherents. He was an alderman in the time of the war; two years from June, 1814. The second year he was the President of the Council.

Mr. Gales was elected Mayor, July 21, 1827, by the Council to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Weightman. For Mayor for the ensuing two years, from June 3, 1828, Mr. Gales received all the votes except twelve or fifteen scattering.

Of the Gales administration there is little to relate. The writer recalls only two mayoral proclamations—the offer of a reward for the apprehension of a criminal—and the warning against the larceny of another's dog.

The public schools in the eastern and western section of the city were independently governed. Hugh McCormick was the principal of the Eastern Free School. The teacher of the first western school, S.E. corner of Twelfth and G streets, Henry Ould, in his report,

published for the satisfaction of the citizens, contrary to the advanced ideas of the present, held to the sacredness of the schools for educational use and no other, and gave his approbation to trustees' action to that effect, July 14, 1826.

"*Resolved*, That, in the opinion of this Meeting, the construction of the contemplated Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is an object of the highest importance to the future interests and prosperity of this City; and that all the energies and resources of the Corporation ought to be zealously and without delay brought into action and applied towards effecting the object."

The meeting was held in the City Hall, July 10, 1827. Mr. Gales was the Secretary.

By public meetings, by banquets with ovations and toasts; by editorials in the *Intelligencer* and in its series of educational articles the project was promoted. Mr. Gales was the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements at the ceremony of breaking ground, July 4, 1828.

The Corporation made a subscription of one million dollars to the stock. At this time the Corporation was deep in debt because of the lottery losses. Nothing could chill, however, the optimism of Mr. Gales and his fellow citizens. They thought probably that He, who "providently caters for the sparrow" might miraculously cause a fall, only financially, like the manna for the children of Israel in the wanderings in the wilderness. And it came about just about that way. The Corporation passed an act September 20, 1828, providing for the raising of a sufficient sum to pay the whole amount. Mr. Gales appointed Richard Rush, agent. The appointment was called "excellent and judicious." The next year, the *Intelligencer* exultingly announced: "Richard Rush has negotiated a loan in

Holland." The Dutch through Messrs. Crommelin, at Amsterdam, bought the five per cent stock at ninety one and a half. Not many years after (1836) Congress to offset its unequal support of the National Capital, paid the loan.

And there are always fleas to bite us. In this mundane existence if it isn't one trouble it is another to afflict us. Even to cross the thoroughfare is to encounter peril. Having safely avoided the meteoric auto the pedestrian finds himself upon his feet and lifts his surprised eyes in gratitude to heaven. It was another danger in Gales' mayoralty:

"Friends Gales and Seaton: Some of your fellow citizens wish to be informed whether there has ever been a law passed by our Corporation to prohibit playing bandy in the streets? If no such law is in existence, the subject ought to claim the attention of Council; our eyes and limbs are frequently endangered by this practice, and ladies are compelled to change their course or encounter the risk of being knocked down by the parties contending for the bandy-ball.

" EPHRAIM STEADY."

" November 2, 1827.

The progress of the city can be taken as impartially stated by the Editor of the *Trenton True American*.

"The city is improving, buildings are rapidly erecting, and business, although not so brisk as when Congress are in session, is still active. The face of things around the metropolis is picturesque and delightful; nature now wears her greenest livery, and is tinted with a thousand beautiful images; in the circumference which the eye embraces. There is no parsimony in the scene, but all is rich, diversified, and interesting. Such a city as this is about to become, situated in the bosom of so many natural and artificial beauties, did *Washington*, with prophetic eye behold, when his discriminating judgment saluted it as the seat of the future legislation, as the embryo metropolis of a mighty empire, which, knowing

no boundaries but the billows of the two great oceans raging through revolving centuries of time, will find its termination only in eternity."

To the present time human character has not changed from the first example of it by the first man, when, cowardly, he tried to shift the blame to "the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree." The overwhelming majority of mankind make obeisance to wealth as it always has. It is only those minds of higher order that can make estimate of talent and wealth in true order. Jean de La Bruyere (1645-1696) in "Les caracteres" says: "As riches and favours forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity." No more in the period of the French moralist than in the slight segment of time—our erudite editor's mayoralty—is true the human characteristic in discussion. In the editor's paper and in the mayor's term is this:

"When fortune smiles and looks serene,
 'Tis 'Pray, Sir, how d'ye do,
Your family are well I hope,
 Can I serve them or you?'
But if perchancee, her scale should turn,
 And with it change your plight,
'Tis then, 'I'm sorry for your fate,
 But times are hard—good night.' "

The friends of Civil and Religious Liberty in Ireland met at the City Hall, October 13, 1828. "A vote of thanks was given to Joseph Gales, Jr., Esq., Mayor of the City of Washington, for the attention and satisfactory manner in which he has presided."

At the fourteenth anniversary of the Columbia Typographical Union, January 3, 1829, to the toast: "Joseph Gales, Jr.—the consistent politician—the ornament of his profession—and the honest man; his liberality is proverbial," Mr. Gales responded: "He in acknowledging the unmerited compliment conveyed by

the toast, expressed his pleasure at being able to meet so many of the Craft, and to salute them as friends and brethren. Initiated at the early age of ten years in the mysteries of the art of printing, by his venerated father, he had the honor, before he was twenty-one years of age, to become a member of the Typographical Society of Philadelphia, whose diploma he preserved to this day and cherished with as much respect as though it were the evidence of ancestral nobility. He was, he added, proud of his profession, and always happy to find himself present in the liberal and charitable associations of those belonging to it."

The anniversary was held at the Franklin Inn, north-east corner of Eighth and D Streets. James Kennedy was the proprietor.

John Quincy Adams characterized Mrs. Royall "virago errant in enchanted armor."

The correspondent of *The Evening Star*, January 28, 1903, describes her thus: Her voice was sharp and strident and cut the atmosphere like a knife.

"She wore thick gray worsted mitts, through which her claws protruded, and grasped a green cotton umbrella, a bundle of newspapers, a subscription book of *The Huntress* . . . She wore a green calash in summer. . . . In winter she was bundled up in several shabby, dark shawls, or maybe a short cloak, with the hood, closely covering her head. Her face was swarthy and rawboned and was traversed by a thousand wrinkles."

Mrs. Royall was not without kindness of heart and appreciated all attentions. Disappointment and distress beginning with captivity by the Indians, and continued by the Government's refusal of repeated appeals for pension, gave to her natural disposition, a stronger acquired one, to use abusive language. Reared in ignorance her husband, a Revolutionary

officer, taught her to read and write. And she could write and speak with skill—and with vigor and rancor.

In her "Black Book" in 1829 of Washington says: "All the difference I perceive in Washington since I wrote the 'Sketches' is that the people eat more, drink more, dress more, cheat more, lie more, steal more, pray more, and preach more, and are more ignorant and indigent." Of Georgetown, she says: "How Thomas, the bookseller, gets his bread is a mystery in such an illiterate place as Georgetown."

Mrs. Royall lived on Capitol Hill and of her neighbors had disrespect if the nicknames she gave them indicated: Holy Willy, Young Mucklewrath, Pompey Poplarheard, Tom Oystertongs, Sally Smart, Hallelujah Holdfork, Miss Dina Dumpling, Miss Riggle, Miss Dismals.

The Rev. Reuben Post, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and John Coyle and his family were so outrageously vilified they appealed for protection to the law. The grand jury, June, 1829, indicted her as a common scold. It is the only indictment of that nature. In full it is:

"County of Washington—The jurors for the county aforesaid upon their oath, present that Anne Royall, late of this county, widow, being an evil-disposed person and a common slanderer and disturber of the peace and happiness of her quiet and honest neighbors, on the 1st of June, A.D. 1829, and on divers days and times, as well before as afterward, was, and yet is a common slanderer of the good people of the neighborhood in which the said Anne resides, and that the said Anne Royall on the 1st day of June and on divers other days and times in the open and public streets of the city of Washington, in the presence and hearing of divers good citizens, did falsely and maliciously slander and abuse divers good citizens of the United States residing in the city aforesaid, to the evil example of all others in like case offending and against the peace and government of the United States.

"Second count—And the jurors upon their oath do further

present that the said Anne Royall being an evil-disposed person and a common scold and disturber of the peace of her honest and quiet neighbors on the 1st day of June, A.D. 1829, at the county of Washington and at divers other days and times in the public streets of the city of Washington did annoy and disturb the good people of the United States residing in said county by her open public and common scolding to the common nuisance of the good citizens of the United States residing there and to the evil example, etc.

"Third Count—And the jurors do further present, That the said Anne Royall, being an evil-disposed person, and a common disturber of the peace and happiness of her honest and good neighbors, on the 1st day of June, A.D. 1829, and on divers other days and times as well before as afterwards, was, and yet is, a common broiler and disturber of her quiet and honest neighbors, and that the said Anne Royall, on the 1st day of June afterward and on divers other days and times as well before as afterwards, in the open and public streets, in the county aforesaid, did annoy and disturb the good people of the United States residing in the county aforesaid by her open and public brawling and public slanders, to the common nuisance of the good citizens of the United States residing in the county aforesaid, to the evil example of all others in like cases offending and against the peace and Government of the United States.

"THOMAS SWANN,
Attorney, U. S."

Blackstone says:

"A common scold, *communis vixatrix*" (for our law Latin confines it to the feminine gender) "is a public nuisance in her neighborhood. For which offence she may be indicted, and if convicted shall be sentenced to be placed in a certain engine of correction called the . . . fucking stool, which in the Saxon language is said to signify the scolding stool, though now it is frequently corrupted into ducking stool, because the evidence of the judgment is that when she is so placed therein she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment."

The interesting article in *The Washington Post*, August 19, 1900, from which portions of the information, has:

“There never was a ducking stool in Washington and it is doubtful if that instrument was ever known in Georgetown, but Alexandria possessed a ducking apparatus, which was in the 1780’s kept at the office of Judge Mease (once mayor), on King Street, near Lee Street not far from the Potomac. Its only victim, Termagant Taylor, tested the Potomac water soon after the Revolutionary war.”

The demurrer to the first and second counts of the indictment was sustained; to the third count the defendant pleaded not guilty and the trial proceeded.

The court consisted of Judges Cranch, Thruston and Morsell. The defendant has described the Court:

“Judge C. was formerly described as resembling Judge Marshall. This is incorrect owing to my having seen him but once before, in the dusk of the evening. He is younger than the Chief Justice; has a longer face with a good deal of pumpkin in it (though my friend says the pumpkin is his head); but let this be as it may; I was always partial to Judge Cranch because he was a Yankee and a near relative of my friend, Ex-President Adams, whom I shall always remember with gratitude.”

“Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch but harder featured. He is Laughing-proof. He looks as if he had sat upon the rack all his life and lived on crab-apples. They are both about fifty years of age. The sweet Morsel, who seems to sit for his portrait, is the same age. His face is round and wrinkled, and resembles the road on Grandott after the passage of a troop of hogs. They all have a worn look and never were three judges better matched in faces. This was the Court, called the Long Parliament, before which I was to be tried, I do not know for what.”

The correspondent to a New York journal reported:

“The appearance of the prisoner (loudly greeted by the

boys around the door) and the reading of the indictment excited much mirth in the courtroom. But their smiles all vanished on the examination of the first witness for the prosecution, who testified to outrages upon the female part of his family so gross and abominable that a general feeling of indignation put everything ludicrous to flight. The only provocation to this usage was the fact that the gentleman himself was an elder of the church; his son a prominent and active promoter of every object of a pious or benevolent character, and his daughter a timid, diffident, retiring girl, one of the Sabbath school teachers; yet she had poured upon them torrents of coarse language until they feared to appear at their own windows."

The testimony of Henry Tims, doorkeeper of the Senate, for the defendant, hits on personality which awakened hilarity, in which bench, bar and jury joined. The significance of the hits were only for the time.

President Jackson failed to appear; Secretary Eaton testified he had no knowledge of any misconduct on the part of Mrs. Royall.

Mrs. Royall addressed the jury. The New York correspondent reports:

"Advancing her wrinkled visage and swaying their souls with the majesty of her outstretched hand, she proceeded to abjure them as they loved liberty and their country not to sacrifice both in her person. Men stood not only for the present age, but the guardians of posterity.

"This prosecution was but one branch of the general conspiracy of blue and black-hearted Presbyterians, the pirates and missionaries against freedom of speech and of the press. If they were permitted to succeed, who would answer for his home or his fireside? Nothing would be safe—bigotry and all the horrors of the Inquisition would overwhelm the land, and nothing would be left of all for which her husband and other worthies of the Revolution had shed their blood in the tented field."

The jury rendered a verdict of guilty.

The judge informed Mrs. Royall that she must have bail or remain in jail until sentenced. Whereupon she exclaimed "This is a pretty country to live in!" The trial ended late Saturday evening. Secretary Eaton and other Jackson men hurriedly executed a bond; but unnecessarily, as two reporters of the *Intelligencer*—Thomas Dowling and Thomas Donohoo immediately upon the Judge's direction tendered security.

Richard S. Coxe, Counsel for Mrs. Royall, argued the motion for arrest of judgment—*National Intelligencer*, July 31, 1928:

"He suggested to the Court that, according to the authorities, there was no discretion in the Court to adjudge any other punishment to a common scold than the ducking stool; and a learned English Judge respite the judgment in a case of this description, because he was of the opinion that a ducking would only have the effect of hardening the offender. There was another consequence of this punishment, to which he called the attention of the Court, which was the privilege, which, according to legal writers, it conferred on the delinquent of ever afterwards scolding with impunity. He begged that the Court would weigh this matter, and not be the first to introduce a ducking-stool, which had been obsolete in England since the reign of Queen Anne, reminding them that the very introduction of such an engine of punishment might have the effect of increasing the criminals of this class. If the Greek legislators would not enact a punishment for a crime not known to them lest it should induce persons to commit the offence, the Court might now suffer themselves to be influenced against the introduction of the ducking-stool, lest it might lead to an increase of common scolds.

In opposition Mr. Swann argued—he however, expressed his desire, as lessening of the severity, "that she should enjoy the benefit of a cold bath with as much privacy as possible."

The ducking chance, the Court ducked by fining

⁸ "Life and Times of Anne Royall," Sarah Harvey Porter.

the defendant ten dollars and costs and security for good behavior for a year.

The proprietors of the *National Intelligencer* acquired the northwest corner of Seventh and D Streets July 8, 1818, and there erected its plant.⁹ The property was foreclosed together with all the accounts and appurte- nances of whatever nature and became the property of the Bank of the United States, August 15, 1829. Thereupon the proprietors became the tenants of the bank. The foreclosure included the former place on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The *Intelligencer* was the organ of the administration from 1801 to 1816. By the vote of Congress it, from the passage of a law, March 3, 1818, at fixed prices had the public printing. This it lost by the change of administration—to Jackson—1829. From this, a few years later, it began the publication of the Annals of the United States and the American State Papers under the authority and financial encouragement of the government by Congress. The prosperity of the proprietors was renewed and in greater measure. The periods in which the *Intelligencer* was in accord with the administration it resumed the public printing.¹⁰

Because of the available space, places were allotted reporters on the floor at the direction of Congress by the Speaker.

Mr. Smith reported for the *Intelligencer* exclusively until he had the assistance of Mr. Gales. From the association of Gales and Seaton they for ten years did their reporting without assistance. They had respec- tively seats beside the Vice President and Speaker. Says Miss Seaton:

“This privilege, concomitant of the daily exchange of the snuff-box and friendly sentiment with the members, giving

⁹ Square 431, lots 1 and 2, 75 x 100. Consideration \$3,725.

¹⁰ “A History of the National Capital,” W. B. Bryan.

the brother-editors a rare insight into the secret springs of debate the actual force and individuality of the giants of that day. Mr. Randolph sat near Mr. Seaton, and on one occasion when Mr. Clay, speaking in his not unusual personal and self-sufficient strain, said, among other things, that 'his parents had left him nothing but *indigence* and *ignorance*,' Randolph, turning to Mr. Seaton, said, in a stage whisper to be heard by the House: 'The gentleman might continue the alliteration, and add *insolence*.' "

Gales and Seaton employed, 1822, an assistant stenographer at one thousand dollars a session. Mrs. Seaton writes:

"I think, dear father, you would have thought this handsome compensation when you pursued the same avocation with more indefatigable intensity in Philadelphia. You will perceive by the debates that truly the course of editors never does run smooth. In truth, 'tis a thankless task in most instances, considering too that the labor is voluntary and of no pecuniary value, unless enhancing the interest of the paper may be considered an equivalent for querulous carping and fault-finding from dissatisfied members, who feel themselves slighted in not finding their wisdom displayed to their constituents in two or three columns of the *Intelligencer*. Joseph writhes under these attacks, being never very tolerant of censure, but William bears them with rather amused patience."

The Hayne—Webster memorable debate, January 21–25, 1830, was reported by Mr. Gales. His daughter, Juliana W. Gales, March 30, 1903, writes:

"The stenographic report of that speech was made by Mr. Joseph Gales, jr., himself; but in order that the speech of Mr. Webster should appear in the *National Intelligencer* without delay, on his return from the Capitol, Mr. Gales from his stenographic notes, dictated the text to Mrs. Gales, who wrote it out in a beautiful English hand, and the speech duly and punctually appeared, to Mr. Webster's great satisfaction. The speech in Mrs. Gales' handwriting with, I believe, Mr. Gales shorthand notes and one or two compli-

mentary notes from Mr. and Mrs. Webster were bound together in book form by Mr. Gales for his library. This book, after the death of Mr. Gales, was purchased by the honorable Robert C. Winthrop, on the part of the Historical Library of Boston, for that institution where it is preserved as a valuable historical relic."

Laurence A. Gobright, "Recollection of Men and Things at Washington, During the Third of a Century:"

"Joseph Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, was the pioneer in verbatim reporting in Washington. Although he wrote what is now considered to be a clumsy system,—Gurney's—he was wonderfully rapid and accurate."

Mr. Gobright relates that a reporter of the *National Intelligencer* fell asleep while taking a member's speech. After a half hour's sweet restorer, the reporter, refreshed, resumed his reportorial work. Another honorable member had the floor but the reporter did not distinguish. Appeared as one speech parts of two speeches, different in character, emanating from the same speaker.

Of the editorial assistants were — Cannon, John S. Gallaher, W. A. Reed, Nathan Sargent, Eliab Kingman, — Otis, A. G. Allen, James Lawrenson, Laurence A. Gobright and John Sessford.

In the business office were Major Thomas Donoho, who began service during the war of 1812; Col. Levi Boots, who was in the Mexican and Civil Wars; Samuel Glenn, John F. Coyle, whose father was one of the early composers, and Edward Fletcher, long with the *Washington Post*.

Of the foremen, were Alexander Tate, George M. Grouard, William Woodward, William Kerr, junior, and Captain William W. Moore. Of those in charge of the composing room and bindery were Samuel McElwee and Edward Deeble.

Of the pressmen were Gabriel Barnhill, James King, — Amidon and James Händley.

Of the carriers, Patrick Corridon.

Compositors before 1820 were: Simon Cameron, Francis Coyle, John H. Wade, John Erskine, Thomas G. Foster, Judah Delano, Thomas Larner, John S. Gallaher, Michael Carter, George Cochran, James Wilson, William Kerr, junior, Joseph F. Reed, John Brandon, Patrick Crowley, Martin King, Joseph Bain and James A. Kennedy.

Compositors between 1820 and 1830 were: Luther Severance, Lambert Tree, James O'Bryon, James Clephane, Thomas Herty, W. Faithful, John Stockwell, Andrew Rothwell, Jehiel Crossfield, John Frank, James King, John Bailey, Andrew Carothers, Enoch White, Michael Larner, Samuel Sherwood, William O'Bryon, John Thomas Whitaker, James Handley, James Thompson, Thomas Dowling, John Dowling, Enoch Edmonston, Tillinghast Collins, Robert C. Berret, John T. Butler Jonathan Wilson, William Woodward, Eugene Laporte, John Hart, Lynde Elliott, Ferdinand Jefferson, Thomas Francis and W. W. Haliday.

Between 1830 and the early 40's were printers and in other capacities: Christian Klopfer, James F. Haliday, Jacob Kleiber, Michael Crider, Thomas J. Haliday, A. F. Cunningham, Charles P. Wannall, W. Edelin, Joseph Gales Johnson, Edward B. Robinson, Oscar Alexander, G. W. Hodges, Joseph L. Bennett, John Thomas Towers, Laurence A. Gobright, William A. Kennedy, John L. Smith, William E. Morcoe, Eleazer Brown, Robert A. Waters, Jonathan Kirkwood, Lemuel Towers, Thomas G. Foster, James E. Given, Flavius J. Waters, Henry Polkinhorn, Adam T. Cavis, Edward Spedden, John C. Franzoni, Columbus Drew, Josiah Melvin, J. G. Sample, Joseph B. Tate, Samuel Sherwood, John T. C. Clark, R. W. Clark, Joshua T. Taylor, Jehiel Crossfield, Charles W. Pettit, John Larcombe, Francis McNerhany, James Crossfield.

The *Intelligencer* was a training school for other honorable posts. Simon Cameron was Senator and Secretary of War. Luther Severance, representative in Congress and commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. John S. Gallaher was Third Auditor of the Treasury. John T. Towers was Mayor. In the Councils were William Woodward, James F. Haliday, John T. Towers, Charles P. Wannall, John L. Smith, Ferdinand Jefferson, James A. Kennedy, Thomas Donoho, Robert A. Waters, Lambert Tree, William W. Moore, Francis McNerhany, Nathan Sargent. Andrew Rothwell and James F. Haliday, were Collector of Taxes. Thomas Herty was Register and Secretary to First Chamber: William A. Kennedy, Secretary of Common Council. John L. Smith and John T. C. Clark were magistrates or Justices of the Peace, for a livelihood.

A list is given of those who graduated from the *Intelligencer* and engaged in allied work. Judah Delano, Henry Polkinhorn, John T. Towers, Lemuel Towers and Robert A. Waters had local printing establishments. Tillinghast Collins had a printing establishment in Philadelphia, and John Hart in South Carolina. John Hart and John T. Towers were Superintendents of Public Printing. John S. Gallaher was editor and correspondent; and Eliab Kingman and Laurence A. Gobright were correspondents. Adam T. Cavis was an editor in Georgia. Ferdinand Jefferson was the assistant Editor of the *National Republican*. Columbus Drew, Josiah Melvin and Joseph B. Tate were local editors.

Luther Severance was the founder of the *Kennebec Journal*, Maine. Andrew Rothwell was the proprietor of the *Washington City Chronicle* and *Literary Repository* weekly and the compiler of Digest of Laws of the Corporation of Washington. Columbus Drew was the proprietor of *The American*, tri-weekly; Laurence A.

Gobright and Josiah Melvin were proprietors of *The Daily Bee*, a penny daily; and Joseph B. Tate was the owner of the *American Daily Telegraph*.

Mr. Tate in the *American* promotion failed. Having caught his breath, he started July 14, 1852, *The Evening Star*, never to cease to illuminate. In a few years Mr. Tate disposed of his ownership. He continued in the service as a clerk. Mr. Tate evidently from journalistic experience thought it financial wisdom to be on the payroll in a subordinate position with more definiteness and certainty of compensation than take the gamble of what is left for the proprietor. Not for his financial judgment will be his monument—it will be in founding a paper which fortunately has had a succession of editors, of editorial talent of highest order, who with inexhaustible industry and brilliancy of intellect have, in cogency of argument and strength of fact, championed the people of the District of Columbia *against* excessive taxation and *for* the American principle, rightful legislative representation.

Nearly thirty three years before the attack on Fort Sumter, Mr. Gales gave warning of interneceine conflict. In the issue July 12, 1828 is

“The Crisis. Under this head we made a few remarks, some days ago, the object of which was to open the eyes of the People to the movement in the South against the laws and against the union of these States. What we have since seen satisfies us that there is a project on foot for a virtual dissolution of this Union and that men of no vulgar name are at the bottom of it.”

The *Intelligencer* favored with the influence it could command, the distinguished Georgian, William H. Crawford, for the Whig candidate for President. It ruffled Mr. Adams. However the unevenness was ironed out. With equal zeal it favored Mr. Adams' reëlection. It voiced its admiration of him and its

praise of his administration in an octave higher than the editorial keyboard, generally in use, permitted. July 18, 1828:

"In the history of the created world, was there ever a nation through whose borders peace reigneth more completely than ours?"

"Was there ever on earth an Executive Magistrate more assiduous in the discharge of his public duties, more temperate in the exercise of his acknowledged powers, than the present Chief Magistrate of the United States?

"Was there ever a government by which honest men have been less disturbed by the ruling power in the full enjoyment of life, Liberty, or property during the last three years, than in this?"

"Answer.—Those who are out of power want to get in. Hence the administration must be put down, though as pure as the Angels that stand at the right hand of the throne of God."

Mr. Gales was the author, generally, of the editorials. He was human and illustrated a human adage—that he who laughs last laughs best; and Mr. Gales in one instance laughed so heartily—and in the wrong order—that he made himself to be laughed at. However, the unpleasant predicament he acknowledged with uncommon good sense. At the time of the Adams-Jackson contest, November, 1828, there was no telegraphic or other quick report of news. The earliest return, that from Ohio, indicated the reëlection of Mr. Adams. Here the ascension of jubilation and then the drop:

November 10: "Never, since the memorable day on which we received the *News* of the success of our Commissioners at Ghent, in concluding a Peace "(John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were two of them)" have we been able to present to our readers News so important or so glorious as will be found in the following columns."

November 18: "The contest is over. . . . Should he live, therefore to enjoy the honor, it may be regarded as certain that Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, is to be the next President of the United States.

"That this result is as contrary to our expectations as it is foreign to our wishes, abundant proof has been furnished by our columns for the last two years, and especially for the last six months."

The late Ben. Perley Poore and Henry A. Willard became the owners of the letters of the *Intelligencer* upon its close. They made several wagon loads. Mostly they were from public men, well known in their day and generation. Many related to subscriptions and many to governmental affairs. The latter evidenced the estimate of the editors' advice.

To JOSEPH GALES.

"Sunday morning (December 13, 1834)

"Dear Sir,—I have read the marked passages in the *Albany Argus*—they are a tissue of falsehoods. I know not whether it be worth while to contradict the calumny. If you think it be, call over here & we will have a paragraph made.

"Yrs

"D. Webster"

ON A MISTAKE.

"*My Dear Messrs. G. & S.*—What does yr Reporter mean by making me say, yesterday I had no *opposition* (for 'inclination') to address the Senate?

"I do now declare, that between the chance of making myself ridiculous, & and the chance of being made so by Reporters, who appear so me perfectly incapable of understanding the plainest idea, it is with terror I open my mouth! I know well, too, that subsequent explanation only makes it more awkward. I sd. but six words, and as I had *meaning* in them, I took care to say them, as I thought, so that I could not possibly be misunderstood.

"Yrs, in a good deal of rage agt. the Reporters, but with a great deal of love to you.

"D. WEBSTER"

Of Mr. Gales it cannot be said

“His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.”—*Dryden*.

He did delight to enter the lists with the other boasters, that is, the agriculturists. His boasting was not in vain. Having once won he did not have to put off his bragging to another time. At the “Maryland Agricultural Exhibition in November, 1824, delivered by the hands of Lafayette, a premium for fatted swine,” Mr. Gales proudly received—and preserved—two wrought-silver goblets.¹¹

Mr. Gales was an advocate for good roads. He was of the managers of the Rockville and Washington Turnpike Company. It is now a section of the National Highway and protected by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Gales to widen the public road by his country place contributed a strip of thirty feet, whereas the owners on the opposite side required compensation.

In the flowers, the soul of Mr. Gales saw

“Priests, sermons, shrines!”

and at the organization of “The Columbian Horticultural Society,” August 21, 1833, for Washington County, he was selected Vice-President.

In the fore part of the nineteenth century in these parts the races was the event. It was democratic. It was a leveller. To it went the fashionable and the unfashionable; those who had wealth and those who wanted it.

Mrs. Seaton wrote in her journal:

October, 1812.

“Yesterday was a day of all days in Washington,—hundreds of strangers from Maryland and Virginia, in their grand equipages, to see a race! Gov. Wright with his horses to run, Col. Holmes with his, and people of every condition straining

¹¹ Mr. Seaton was Mrs. Gales’ proxy.

at full speed. Mr. and Mrs. Madison, the departments of government, all, all for the race! Major L—, who is hand and glove with every grandee, and perfectly in his element, called for William, while I accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Blake, and old Governor Wright of Maryland, in their handsome carriage to the field. It was an exhilarating spectacle, even if one took no interest in the main event of the day; and such an assemblage of stylish equipages I never before witnessed. A large number of agreeable persons, residents and strangers, were introduced to us."

The course was north of Columbia Road and between Fourteenth and Sixteenth Streets. Joseph Gales was the Vice-President of the Washington Jockey Club. September 26, 1826.

At Warburton Manor, Mrs. Gales returned the kind visit of Mr. Digges at Sheffield. The host on the dressing table the morning of her departure found her address:

"O, what a goodly scene mine eyes embrace!
Mingling with Flora's tints of varied dye,
Painted on Nature's sweet and pleasant face,
Woods, vales, and streams in sweet confusion lie.

"Let poets boast of Arno's shelvy side!
And sing the beauties of the classic Po,
Give me Potomac's grand, majestic tide,
Sparkling beneath the sun's effulgent glow!

"Farewell, Potomac! o'er thy waters wide
I take a lingering but delightful view;
Whilst the gay vessel dances on the tide,
I bid thee, Warburton, a last adieu.

"Perhaps no more to see my early friend,—
No more his hospitable smile to meet,
Where true politeness and kind friendship blend,
The ever-welcome, grateful guest to greet.

"WINIFRED GALES."

In Congressional Cemetery on a slab supported by columns, is chiseled:

Here lie deposited the earthly remains of

WINIFRED GALES,

Who died June 26th 1829, aged nearly 78 years.
She was the daughter of *John and Eliz. Marshall*
of Newark in Nottinghamshire, England:
Was born July 12, 1761 and married to *Jos. Gales*,
of Sheffieldshire, May 4 1784

Thence they with their children emigrated
to the United States in August 1795.

The deceased possessed a strong and cultivated
mind, was a Christian in profession and practice
and each of her surviving friends
may sincerely say

“Let me die the death of the righteous and
my last end be like hers.”

Joseph Gales, senior, died August 24, 1841, at Raleigh,
N. C. He continued to publish the *Raleigh Register*
until within a few years of his death. The publication
was continued by his son, Weston Gales. Mr. Gales’
journalistic life was marked by industry, intelligence
and independence; his private life by public spirit, en-
larged benevolence and unbroken integrity.

The gentle poet may have had, must have had, an
influence, a beneficial influence, an influence which
was never lost, upon Joseph Gales. One of Mr. Seaton’s
family from the “Mount” on Sheffield wrote:

“Who says that Montgomery is morose? He is a trump, a
delightful old man, whom I could reverence and love in a week,
so unsophisticated and pure in his tastes and habits is he.
I have seen him and Aunt Sarah every day, and they are cordial
and affectionate as possible; and in the dinner at their house
I enjoyed the meeting exceedingly; Montgomery took his pipe,
and chatted in the most charming, easy, and winning manner.”

At the family devotion, April 30, 1854, he handed
to her the bible and said “Sarah you must read.” He
prayed with “peculiar pathos.” He conversed cheer-

fully as he smoked his pipe. And as lightly as floated the tiny clouds of smoke he lapsed into slumber never on earth to wake.

The compilations of Gales and Seaton in connection with the U. S. Government are many and important. The first volume of forty two of the *Annals of Congress* was the work of Joseph Gales, senior. Besides the *Annals* are the *American State Papers and Registers of Debates in Congress*.

Mr. Gales never wrote a book. However were two reproductions in pamphlet form from the *Daily National Intelligencer*: "A Sketch of the Personal Character and Qualities of General Zachary Taylor;" and, "The Past, the Present, and the Future." The latter a discussion of the attitude of the South, more particularly, of South Carolina.

"A Reminiscence" by Mr. Gales, in part, is copied for the interesting matter and for the style of composition. Mr. Gales' habitual moderation is evidenced in his criticism of the drawn out discussion in Congress. Another editor in later years, Donn Piatt, in *The Capital* had less respect for the national legislators. He used such designations as "the fog bank" and "the wind mill." "The fog Bank loomed up dense and heavy." "The legislative branch of our free government is a machine run by wind." An apparently interminable discussion on Amnesty called from Mr. Piatt the illustration:

"In the middle ages, a German monk spent forty years and wrote twenty-four volumes on the first paragraph of the first chapter of the book of Genesis. He would have spent more time and written a larger number of volumes on the significant prelude to Holy Writ for the benefit of his fellow men, had not Death invaded the convent home of the prolific monk."

Under identical conditions to those stated by Mr.

Gales, within the year 1917, the flood of talk so exasperated a Mississippi Senator¹² he exclaimed:

“You have danced your ballet. You have sung your song. America is tired of you and we are tired of you. We want you to do something.”

Daily National Intelligencer, August 25, 1849:

“THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

“A Reminiscence.

“There are few men in the course of whose life events have not occasionally occurred to make up the liveliest reminiscences of days gone by and of incidents which, at different periods, have made the deepest and most lasting impressions on our minds. The occurrences so brought out are ordinarily such as, having constituted epochs in one’s own span of existence, stand in the memory as landmarks of his journey through life.

“Such an event in our own life is the decease of that most excellent Lady, the relict of President *Madison*, whose mortal remains we have but lately followed to the tomb.

“Of the recollections which crowd upon us of her goodness and gentleness, of her womanly virtues and graces, of the dignity, as well as kindness which distinguished her as Lady of the Secretary of State and President of the United States during a residence of sixteen years in this city, it is not our purpose here to go into the detail. One scene, however, in which as the President’s Lady she acted well her part—as when did she not?—has so frequently recurred to mind in connexion with the history of our own times, and is now again so fully remembered, that perhaps our readers may not be displeased by the attempt which we shall make at a sketch of it.

“Never from the beginning of this Government to the present has a more gloomy day dawned upon it than the thirteenth day of February, in the year, 1815.

“Congress had assembled on the 19th of September preceding—not as might be supposed from the date, in conse-

¹² John Sharp Williams.

quence of the then recent capture of the city by the enemy but in pursuance of a requisition by the President anterior to that event, calling Congress together (as the President informed the two Houses in his message at the opening at that session) for the purpose of supplying the inadequacy of the finances to the existing wants of the Treasury, and of making further and more effectual provision for prosecuting the war.

“. . . Much time was consumed, besides in debates upon questions which ought never to have been suffered to interfere with the discussion of measure of vital consequence, demanded by the alarming state of prostration and financial debility to which the Government was reduced. Several days were passed in the consideration of an abortive proposition to remove the seat of Government from Washington; and, whilst the enemy was almost actually in sight from the windows of the building in which Congress was temporarily sitting gentlemen found time to make and argue idle propositions for amending the Constitution, and to squabble about private claims older than the Government itself. At the very most critical moment of the session for example, a whole day was spent in debating a bill, with the merits of which all the members were by long acquaintance made familiar to pay for Amy Darden’s horse.

“Some time about noon of *that memorable* day mysteriously arose a rumor, faint at first as the earliest whisper of the Western breeze on a Summer’s morn, but freshening and gathering strength as it spread, until later in the day, it burst forth in a general acclaim of *Peace! Peace! Peace!* Startled by a sound so unexpected and so joyful, men flocked into the streets, eagerly inquiring of one another whence and how came the news, and, receiving no answer, looking up into the Heavens with straining eyes, as though expecting a visible sign of it from the seat of that Omnipotence by whose inspiration alone they could, but a short moment before, have even hoped for so great a blessing.

"When at length, the rumor assumed a more definite shape, the story ran that a private express had passed through the city at some time during the day, bearing to merchants in the South the glad tidings that a Treaty of Peace had actually reached the shores of the United States. It was still but a rumor, however, and wanted that consistency which was necessary to gratify full confidence in it.

"Steam conveyances and Electric Telegraphs had not then been invented to realize the lover's prayer to the Gods to 'annihilate both time and space'; and all classes in Washington had, with the President, no choice but to wait the comparatively slow process of travel by horses and carriages from New York to Washington, for confirmation or contradiction of the report. The interval of suspense it may be imagined, was sufficiently tedious, though it was brought to an end as early as could have been reasonably expected. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th of February, came thundering down the Pennsylvania avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was *Mr. Henry Carroll*, (one of the Secretaries at Ghent) the bearer, as was at once ascertained, of the *Treaty of Peace* concluded at Ghent between the American and British Commissioners. Cheers and congratulations followed the carriage, as it sped its way to the office of the Secretary of State, and directly thence, with the acting Secretary of State, to the residence of the President.

"The reader, who has followed our narrative thus far, will begin to wonder how the demise of *Mrs. Madison* could have brought all this so vividly to mind. The relation which she bore to *MR. MADISON*, and her entire identification with him in all the memories of the past would be sufficient to account for it. But the particular incident in the inauguration of the Treaty of Peace, the memory of which dwelt upon our minds, comes now to be told in its place.

"The other Members of the Cabinet having joined the Secretary of State at the President's residence, the Treaty was of course taken into immediate consideration by the President and the Cabinet.

"Soon after night-fall, Members of Congress and others,

deeply interested in the event, presented themselves at the President's House, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the Drawing-room, at about 8 o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity, MRS. MADISON (the President being with the Cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion. And what a happy scene it was! Among the large proportion present of the Members of both Houses of Congress, were gentlemen of most opposite politics, but lately arrayed against one another in continual conflict and fierce debate, now with elated spirits thanking God, and with softened hearts cordially felicitating one another, upon the joyful intelligence which (should the terms of the Treaty be acceptable) re-establish Peace, and opened a certain prospect of a great prosperity to their country. But the most conspicuous object in the room, the observed of all observers, was MRS. MADISON herself, then in the meridian of life and queenly beauty. SHE was, in her person, for the moment, the representative of the feelings of him who was, at this moment, in grave consultation with his official advisers. No one could doubt, who beheld the radiance of joy which lighted up her countenance and diffused its beams around, that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the Government of the country had, in very truth, (to use an expression of MR. ADAMS on a very different occasion) 'passed from gloom to glory.' With grace all her own, to her visitors she reciprocated heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious and happy change in the aspect of public affairs, dispensing, with liberal hand, to every individual in the large assembly the proverbial hospitalities of that house.

“The *Cabinet* being still in session, the writer of this article was presently invited into the apartment it was sitting Subdued joy sat upon the face of every one of them. The PRESIDENT, after kindly stating the result of their deliberations, addressed himself to the Secretary of the Treasury in a sportive tone, saying to him, ‘Come, Mr. Dallas, you, with your knowledge of the contents of the Treaty derived from the careful perusal of it, and who write with so much ease take the pen and indite for this gentleman a paragraph

for the paper of to-morrow, to announce the reception and probable acceptance of the Treaty.'

"Mr. Dallas cheerfully complied. . . . "

Mr. Gales had sympathy for those distressed by destitution and was watchful to relieve. When Mayor, Mr. Gales organized ward committees to solicit subscriptions for funds to relieve the poor from the rigors of the winter. In early years and through life he showed substantial sympathy. In 1810¹³ he was President of the Washington Humane Society, an organization of young men with representatives from the wards to assist the poor. In 1812,¹⁴ he was Vice-President of the Washington Benevolent Society, having as its object, the promotion of charity.

Of his traits, Mr. Gales' generosity, was most frequently mentioned. He gave without display. His left hand knew not what his right hand did. He gave without the influence of friendly acquaintanceship. He gave to those who abused him, repaying with blessing, persecution. He gave sometimes to impostors—that the needy might not suffer because of doubt. He gave when near to embarrassment himself, showing self sacrifice.

In dire straits for material to print *The Huntress* to Mrs. Royall's rescue, Mr. Gales came, giving orders that she should have all the paper she needed and free of cost. And this, notwithstanding the editress had abused him in her paper and had repeated the weak wit of the day in referring to the kind and dignified editor as "Josy." Meeting her in the streets one day when the weather was freezing, Mr. Gales slipped a five dollar bill into Mrs. Royall's hand and told her to buy herself a pair of warm shoes with it. And said she "It was the very last bill in Mr. Gales' pocket-

¹³ *National Intelligencer*, November 20, 29, 1810.

¹⁴ *National Intelligencer*, February 4, 1812.

book." Conscience stricken, she apologetically says: "I should be a traitor to my country if I let my gratitude for personal favors keep me from attacking the editor of the *Intelligencer* as the author of sentiments which spell RUIN for this nation."

Mary J. Windle, October, 1857:

"In our city at the corner of Seventh and D streets, is a building not very noticeable but for the extent of ground it covers and its ancient and dingy aspect. This structure can be said to represent no order of architecture; indeed, architectural elegance seems not to have been thought of when it was designed; display is everywhere scrupulously eschewed.

"On entering the door you find yourself in a low-browed, smoke-stained room, with discolored desks and counters. All the appendages seem old-fashioned, even to the aged clerk, who receives you with a politeness, alas! old-fashioned too. If you come on business with the principal you will find yourself ascending a narrow and rather gloomy flight of stairs. Having accomplished the ascent to the first landing, you arrive at a door which you are told is the entrance to the editor's room. Before a table covered with papers, pamphlets, and manuscripts, sits a venerable-looking man with a pencil in his left hand (his right hand has been paralyzed for some time) as if deliberating a leader, of which but a single line is written. No one can glance at that face and not at once perceive it to be that of a remarkable man. It is a face more noticeable for character than beauty.

"With the name of this gentleman (Joseph Gales) the idea of the *National Intelligencer* is inseparably connected. For a long series of years he has been its conductor; and, though backed by a host of varied talent, he may truly be called its life and soul, breathing his spirit as a refining and uniting principle over that able journal. His editorials are considered close in argument, finished in execution, pure in style, and as refined in thinking as they are exquisite in diction. As specimens of pure and perfect English they might stand as models. He opposes with his pen, quietly but unresistingly

every measure which might lead to a disruption of the Union. In the defeats of the party of which his journal is the acknowledged exponent, he never admits himself discouraged, depressed, or dismayed, but from every fall seems to rise, like Antæus, with renewed vigor.

"Such is a hasty sketch of the venerable chief editor of the chief organ of the Old Line Whig party. Whether we view him as the acute critic, as the fervid politician, as the high-minded and generous man, we have before us one of the ablest men of the day. The journal of which he is the acknowledged head wields a powerful and elevating influence throughout the entire country.

"And yet, reader, he has still higher honor in the hearts of all the people about him. The poor and unfortunate are peculiarly his friends. He arrives in Seventh Street, from his residence in the country, in the same cozy, close carriage which has made its journey thither daily for the last thirty years, so punctual to its hour that, were its driver and occupant wanting, the horse would doubtless convey the vehicle in safety, and stop, from the force of habit, at the precise hour, before the low-roofed building. As he passes from his carriage to the office, the passing beggar for once ceases to be vociferous, so certain is he of receiving a spontaneous gratuity from him. Within he is quite likely to be met by the appeal of a widow with one of those large families of orphans, who feels certain of assistance from him. For, it is well known in our city dear reader, that this venerable man is troubled with a melancholy cavity in his brain, where acquisitiveness is not!

"Narrow-hearted and parsimonious people shake their heads ominously, and say, that to see a man wasting his means on everybody in this way is enough to make the very stones cry out, 'Doing such useless things and so much for other people—he ought to remember the 'rainy day'! They forget that it is recorded of many great men that they were equally non-retentive of money. Schiller, when he had nothing else to give away, gave the clothing from his back, and Goldsmith the blankets from his bed.

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"Such weaknesses are the drapery in which we enfold our model men."

Mary J. Windle, June, 1857:

"We were walking down Seventh Street yesterday in a meditative mood, . . . when our meditations were suddenly put to flight by the appearance of the noble dog, so well known here as the property of the venerable editors of the *Intelligencer*. He held in his mouth a basket containing papers on their way to the post-office.

"In describing the *Intelligencer* dog, conceive it, dear reader, a stately mastiff of the first magnitude, with noble features and wavy ears. If we might presume to give advice to Edwin Landseer, to whom the species is largely indebted, we would recommend him, when next he has to paint a royal dog, to study the courtly and dignified carriage of our Washington favorite.

"Since the dog in the famous picture, which has been worked in Berlin wool at every boarding school, never was an animal so popular. From the venerable senior editor in his invalid chair, to the little printer's 'devil' in the mechanical department, he is welcomed with joy, and allowed to express his personal likings as fully as a crowned head. All study his conveniences and caprices almost before their own; and the noble animal is not unworthy of these favors. He is a loving and affectionate dog, walking with measured step at his master's side, looking with expressive attached eyes into his face and when, as now, in feeble health, crouching beside him with the air of a miniature lion guarding a king.

"If the faithful dog could write, why, he might achieve a pamphlet on 'politics,' out of the table-talk of his master's political friends. Think seriously, dear public, of his peculiar advantages as an unsuspected 'confidant' of the first statesman of the day. The noble '*Old Line Whig*' politicians converse together without restraint in his presence; and the lamented Clay was said to seek advice of these Napoleans of the press within reach of this dog's long ears.

"It is said he is discerning enough to discriminate between a 'Whig' and a 'Democrat,' and that his eyes glare upon the

latter, like Mr. Murdock in Richard. It is also asserted that he gave an affirmative wag of the tail when the news of General Taylor's election was announced; but stood stoutly on his four limbs, with a negative wag, when the sad reverse, and Mr. Buchanan's triumph was proclaimed."

Mary J. Windle's sympathies were strongly Southern. She emphasized the excellences of the down-Dixie Statesmen. She at the conclusion of the Civil War lived in a Washington boarding house—482 12th Street, old numbering. She was accused of maliciously tearing away the flags and throwing them from the windows—"asserting her Southern friends should not be insulted by any such demonstrations in the house where she lived"—and further accused of not permitting her room to be illuminated, while the others were, and repeating similar sentiments. She was prosecuted. She protested innocence.

At this time she was recalled "as the writer of various namby-pamby works," specifying, "Life in Washington," who plagiarized bodily from *Blackwood's Magazine* and Mrs. Gray's novels. The charges were exaggerations due to the prevailing bitterness and as to "Life in Washington," apparently, without foundation. The authoress contributed to *The Ladies National Magazine*, a poem, "On hearing a gentleman express skeptical sentiments," and produced "Life at the White Sulphur Springs" and two works on Legendary.¹⁵

The First Unitarian Church, now the All Souls, was organized November, 1821. Of the original membership were Joseph Gales, senior and junior. Mr. Gales, junior, was the more active in the church work. He however did not confine himself to Unitarianism in church activity. Says Virginia Miller, January 24, 1918:

¹⁵ The author during "her visits to the Library of Congress erased her name wherever she found it and wrote Mary Jane McLane."

"As a child I used to watch to see Mr. Gales and herself come into St. John's church and wonder how she would get by the red hot stove she had to pass without burning her pretty clothes. St. John's was differently arranged then—they used to enter the H st door and through a narrow defile turn round a corner to a pew facing the chancel, the Rector's pew was in front of them and old Blind Joe sat on the front bench."¹⁶

Mr. Gales called his country place, Eckington. The old farmhouse was near the Brentwood Road. It was small and was often in the early years the meeting place of the Bread and Cheese Club. The members were of literary cultivation and cheerful companionship. When the pretentious house was built, the old farmhouse became the overseer's home. Near the embankment of the Metropolitan Branch was the spring; and the stream over which was the dairy.

Mr. Gales built the mansion in 1830. Charles Bird King, the artist, was the architect.

"It consisted of two stories with cellar basement; on the first floor was four rooms of good size and a wide hall, with a back building, adding kitchen and servants' rooms; the upper flour had four chambers and twelve foot square library, where were written most of the editorials. . . . "A lofty, wide portico supported by six doric pillars extended the whole front of the house."

Immediately in front of the entrance was a mighty hickory suggestive of "Old Hickory" and called "General Jackson." From the mansion directly south was in bold relief the Capitol and before its addition for majestic proportions, the dome and the wings; and farther south "the silvery sweep of the river." The gate was directly opposite to the north boundary stone, on North Capitol Street.

¹⁶ "Historical Sketch of the Unitarian Church of Washington, D. C.," Jennie W. Scudder. RECORDS OF THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

"The hall became memorable as the scene of the family prayers, the Christmas games, tableaux, private theatricals, and wedding festivities. On the walls hung many paintings and portraits. Among the latter was one of Mr. Gales' father, holding in his hand a folded copy of the *National Intelligencer*, which the old gentleman, with a just pride in his son's journalistic fame, insisted upon introducing into the picture greatly to the disgust (on art principles) of the artist, Mr. King. He had his revenge, however, by placing above the only advertisement column visible, 'Dry Goods,' and thus it remains to this day. Here also hung a curious, very old engraving of the City of Rome, in size six feet long, by forty inches deep, done as a Latin tablet announees, under the auspices of 'Carlo III' of Spain, 'in 1765' by one 'Guiseppe Vasi,' etc. Every palace, church, garden, mount, and residence is numbered and it was a morning pastime to pick out the name of each from the Key appended below."

The distinguished of the nation and the foreign nations were guests. And none more distinguished than the recipient of Mrs. Gales' card:

"*My dear Mrs. Madison,*

"I expect a few friends to pas the evening with me and shall be most happy if you and Miss Payne will give me the pleasure of your company at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 o'clock.

"Believe me dear Madam

Most affectionately

and Truly yours

S. J. M. GALES."

"Here in the summer of 1847, or thereabouts, Sir James Bucknell Estcourt, of the United States and British North-eastern Boundary Commission, having finished his official labors, passed, with this accomplished wife, a fortnight very delightfully, alike to hosts and guests, and during the visit the curious coincidence was discovered that Col. Estcourt's brother was at that very time the rector of the Episcopal church at Eckington in the Old Country. A brisk and interesting correspondence followed between the old Eckington

and its American namesake; and on her return to England, Lady Estcourt sent to Mr. Gales a water color sketch, painted by the rector's daughter, of the old church where the Gales' ancestors lie buried, a pretty sketch in itself and greatly prized for its associations."¹⁷

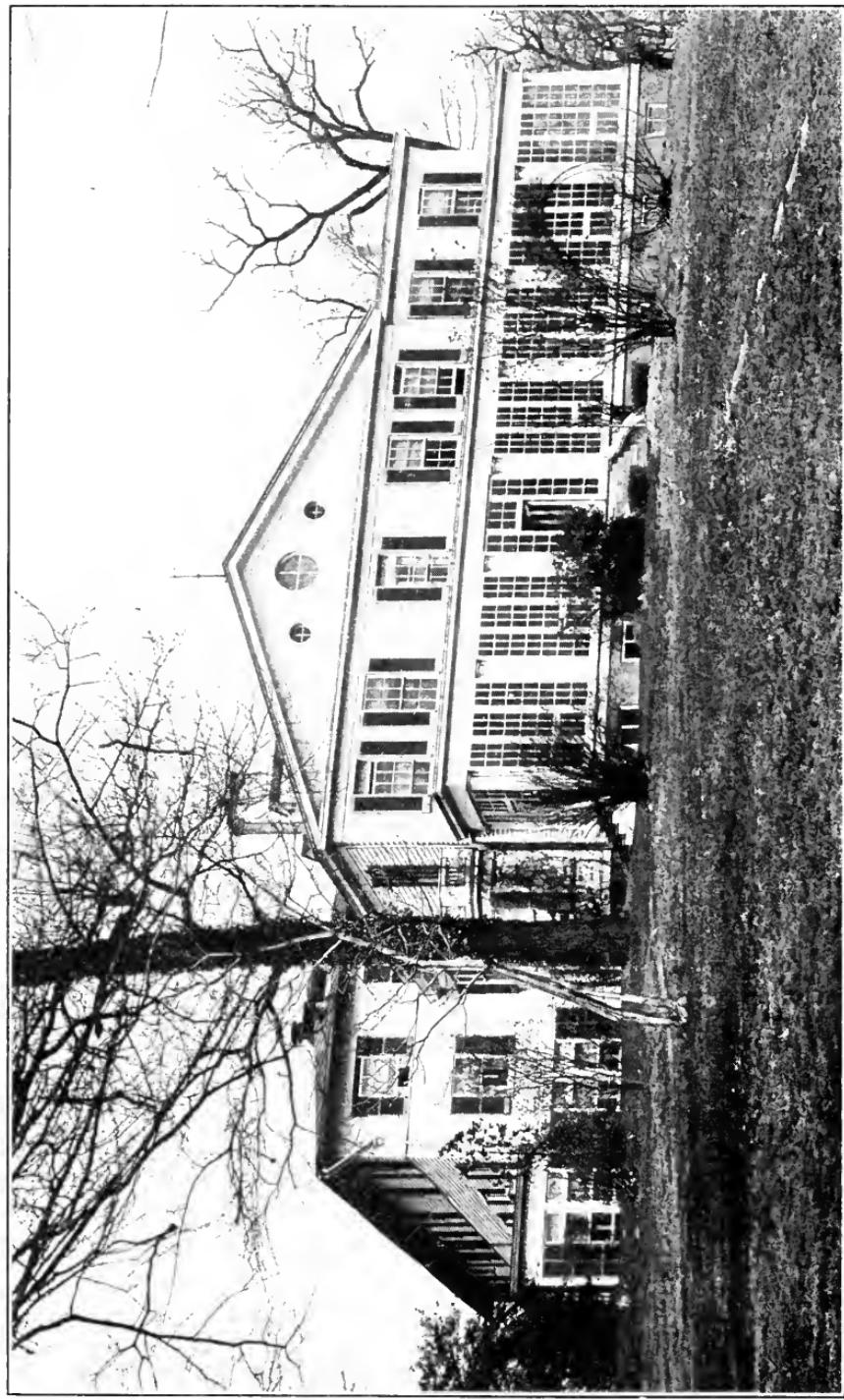
Mr. Gales welcomed the militia and the schools to the Eckington groves.

Mr. Gales died July 21, 1860.

The surviving editor in the *Intelligencer*, set in mourning, July 23, used the appropriate words:

"Death of Mr. Gales. It becomes our painful duty to announce to the readers of this journal that Joseph Gales is no more. He died a few minutes after seven o'clock on Saturday evening last, at Eckington, his late residence, near the city. He was in the 75th year of his age. Though this melancholy event was not entirely unexpected in consequence of Mr. Gales' infirm health for some months past, it is none the less true the blow so long suspended has at last fallen with a weight as sudden as it is afflictive. It is some consolation, however, to know that his end was calm and painless as his life had been serene and virtuous. Full of years and full of honors, rich in the tributes of veneration and regard awarded by good and great men throughout the land, and beloved as falls to the lot of few, by all who shared his nearer companionship in the home and in the walks of private life, he has been gathered by the great reaper, Death, a sheaf fully ripe for the harvest, into a garner made fragrant and precious by the fruits of a life ever noble in its aspirations and ever laborious in good works. It is not for us, least of all at a moment like this, to write his epitaph, nor the words of formal commemoration needed to indite for our readers that eulogy which they equally with us, are competent to celebrate in memory of his intellectual greatness. It were better that we should keep silent while as yet the startled ears seems caught by the sound of a voice crying with such thrilling emphasis from the scene of his former activities, like that voice which

¹⁷ Pictures of the City of Washington in the Past," Samuel C. Busey, M.D.



ECKINGTON, RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH GALES, JR.

the Revelator heard from Heaven, saying: ‘Write blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’ ”

The councils convened, July 23. The message of the acting Mayor, William T. Dove was read and memorial resolutions were adopted.

Dr. William B. Magruder, in the board of Alderman, said:

“No employee, no dependent, ever found a better employer or a more indulgent father, no community was ever blessed by the presence in it of a more benevolent citizen. If he had been an almoner from High Heaven he could have been no more than he was save perhaps that his sphere of benevolence might have been more extended.” . . .

Horatio N. Easby, in the Board of Common Council, said:

“As a political writer, as a sound and conservative journalist he has never been excelled. The columns of the National Intelligencer, over which he has presided for more than two generations, afford the best evidence of his pureness of heart, his urbanity, and kindness, and may be taken as a correct exponent of his vigorous intellect, his benevolence, and his love of virtue. In the language of an eminent statesman now passed away, Joseph Gales had the mind to grasp the affairs of a nation, and a heart that would fill the universe with its kindness.” . . .

June 24, 1860. Citizens of Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria met at the City Hall to form the procession to Eckington. The services were conducted by Rev. Smith Pyne assisted by Reverends Clement M. Butler and Charles H. Hall respective rectors of St. John’s, Trinity and Epiphany. The pallbearers were General Walter Jones, General Roger C. Weightman, Richard S. Coxe, Thomas L. Smith, William L. Hodge, James M. Carlisle and James C. Welling.

The cortège moved on New York Avenue to Seventh Street to Pennsylvania Avenue to the Congressional Cemetery. Of it were Mr. Buchanan, the President, members of the cabinet, army and navy officers and other personages in high station together with municipal bodies and mechanics' associations. The bells tolled. The schools closed for the day and business houses, generally, from three o'clock. The City Hall, the offices of the *Intelligencer* and the *Congressional Globe* were draped with emblematic mourning.

With the *National Journal*, the paper of Peter Force, the *National Intelligencer* moved in harmony and between them were consultations as to terms of subscription and omissions of issue on holidays. With some of the other journals were times of irritation which broke out into calling names without scurrility. The *Intelligencer* resenting being put in false attitude in a matter of Congressman Rhett called the offending *Globe*, the paper of Blair and Rives, "a vulgar newspaper." The *Intelligencer* standing for Mr. Gales had, as often repeated, dignity, however by that it is not to be inferred it had even a touch of pusillanimity. Mr. Gales did not wait for the other cheek to be smitten; he took it his turn to smite. He did not revive slights and he in his good nature let time make limitation. And this was true in the offending incident of *The Globe*.

Mr. Gales was a large man with strong features.¹⁸ He was not a handsome man. Mrs. Royall's printed statement that he was the handsomest man in the city quoted at her trial was received as real funny. He must have had pleasant expression. With one so full of kindness it must shine through the windows of the soul.

Though not in parallel with Sir Walter yet of him

¹⁸ Mr. Gales was five feet five inches in height; broad and rugged features."—*Samuel H. Walker.*

Mr. Gales has suggestion. The fame of Sir Walter Scott will have the eternal existence of the English. Joseph Gales in his adopted country fairly should have recognition as "the preëminent editor."

Sir Walter Scott and Joseph Gales were born in Great Britain. Both lived to three score with good measure. Both swerved from the form of worship of their parents to the same form. Both were incessant with the pen and for principle; Sir Walter in fancy and fiction; Mr. Gales in fact. Both resigned the rush of the city for the peaceful pleasures of country life, they

• "lov'd the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy sward, close cropped by nibbling sheep."

—Cowper.

The writer asked his daughter—what can be said of dogs. "If you are to write of the dog's good qualities, you will never stop writing." He will not begin. Of their intelligence, fidelity and companionship Sir Walter and Mr. Gales, themselves, both availed. At Abbotsford, Sir Walter had an inscribed monument to his favorite—

"Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door."

With Sir Walter he was tired of portrait painters; "old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper, and handle his brushes." The portraits of Sir Walter's two daughters, each have a dog—one a thoughtful collie, the other a romping terrier.

"Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason."—Somerville.

Sir Walter and Mr. Gales were not cavillers. Sir Walter argued that his terrier had a smattering of the language. Mr. Gales' great dog was his trusted man to carry the mail and the manuscript while he was

wheeled in the invalid chair. And in the final period Sir Walter was wheeled too; and, at the last in farewell, his dogs "began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them."

The Evening Star, July 28, 1860:

"This morning the point of most interest in the view from the car window was Eckington, the late residence of Mr. Gales, deceased, not only on account of its own beauties of location and embellishment, both by nature and art, but from the thousand reminiscences concerning the career of Mr Gales in Washington, which passing Eckington brought to mind. His good taste made a paradise there out of originally very rough materials indeed—out of what most persons would pronounce a very unpromising ground work for such an undertaking. His success in reducing the mildness of nature there to systematic beauty, was but typical of his success as a philosophical thinker (writer) upon the rough, and at times incongruous elements of the history of our whole country's progress. How often has his pen calmed the sectional strain, or reduced chaos in the Capitol to order, folly to common sense, angry words to words of fraternal kindness, he only knows who knows the details of the country's political history. He always saw things in a kind and genial light, not only in politics, but in all affairs of life. Thus he sought to build up rather than pull down, having a kind word for the interests of any and all. In the course of his more than fifty years connection with the press here, I do not believe he ever penned a line in individual anger or spite, though no man was more high spirited than he; which may not be said, I presume, of any other of his profession anywhere.

"The lawns, groves and avenues of Eckington are not more graceful than was the mind of Mr. Gales; carefully cultivated as that was and producing when in its vigor, richer and riper fruit than the mind of any professional contemporary. He was for half a century the only intensely laborious editor of an American daily paper who always wrote with the elegance characterizing the articles of the leading English magazines, which form the school of modern English belles letters. . . .

"W. D. WALLACH."

Alexander K. McClure, "Random Recollections of Half a Century," *The Washington Post*, July 28, 1901:

"The history of the great editors of the olden time from the organization of the government until a half century ago would be practically a history of American journalism during that period. Newspapers were a luxury, were few in number, limited in circulation, and their importance and influence depended wholly upon the individuality of the editor. Leaving out Franklin, whose greatest distinction was in other lines, although rather an audacious pioneer in American journalism, the one name that stands out with the clearest prominence as the exemplar of the best journalism during the first half of the last century is that of Joseph Gales, who for more than fifty years was connected with the *National Intelligencer* and soon gave it the high national character that it maintained until its death.

.....

"I met Joseph Gales many times, but only in a casual way, and have no claim to intimate acquaintance with him, but as I had read the weekly *National Intelligencer* with the aid of a tallow dip when an apprentice, and highly enjoyed its great editorials, unsurpassed in purity and diction and forceful expression, I was always interested in the man, and was specially gratified on my later rare visits to Washington of those days to get even a glimpse of the great American editor. He was a most accomplished gentleman of the old school, always courteous and delightfully genial in the circle of his home and intimate friends. He possessed a commanding personality, and the strongly marked intellectuality of his features, with his perfect grace of manner attracted all who came within the range of his movements.

"Mr. Gales became connected with the *National Intelligencer* during the last term of the Jefferson administration, and from that time until the advent of Jackson in 1829, the *Intelligencer*, under his direction, was what might be called the organ of the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams. It was not an organ in the sense in which the term is generally accepted now. The

government had no favors which it was compelled to seek. It commanded the limited patronage of the government solely by reason of its exceptionally strong position as a Washington and national public journal, and while it rarely had occasion to criticize the public policy of those administrations, it often took the lead in clearing the political pathway when grave problems were presented to the government.

"The editorials of the *Intelligencer* before and during the war of 1812 were regarded as ranking with the teachings of Clay in the House and Crawford in the Senate, who were the recognized oracles of the war sentiment of the country. In the meantime the *Intelligencer* had grown to be a widely circulated daily for that period, with semi-weekly and weekly editions which reached every State in the Union. It was the most delectable of all the great papers ever published in this country. It had all the dignity of the *London Times*, tempered and embellished with a degree of vigor and progress which made it quite as highly respected in the New World as was the *London Times* in the Old World. There was no telegraphs or telephones, and most of the time no railways to crowd news into the editorials sanctum, and beyond the editorials of the leading newspapers the chief labor of such a journal was the intelligent use of scissors and paste. The paper was most studiously edited from the first to the last column, and its news and selections were given in the most inviting form. I have often seen the *Daily National Intelligencer*, when Gales was in the zenith of his greatness, issued with less than half a column of editorial matter. Editorials were not then regarded as a daily necessity, but when occasion demanded elaborate discussion of any public question a leader would appear in the *Intelligencer* filling two or three columns, and sometimes even a full page. They were essays rather than editorial leaders, and as polished as if they came from the pen of a Macaulay. The idea of anything even approaching sensationalism in presenting the news was never for a moment entertained and thus for more than half a century the *National Intelligencer*, under the direction of Joseph Gales, pursued the even dignified tenor of its way.

"When Jackson came into power in 1829, bringing with

him a horde of political expectants that swarmed upon Washington in search of spoils, Mr. Gales had his first lesson in political antagonism, and he proved to be one of the most effective of all of the assailants of Jackson that culminated in the overthrow of VanBuren in 1840. The criticisms of Jackson's policy were as fearless and able as they were dignified, and they searchingly exposed the political faults of the administration while sustaining it in great trials when Jackson was right such as was presented in the South Carolina nullification episode. Mr. Gales was heartily for the majesty of the national authority, but he profoundly and incisively deplored the new political policy that came with Jackson openly proclaiming that to the victors belongs the spoils.

"Until Jackson became President everything relating to the government was conducted on the highest plane of conventionality, and the inauguration of Jackson's methods, illustrated at times by the President smoking a corncob pipe while informally receiving visitors and officials in the White House, was a rude shock alike to the social and political methods which had so uniformly prevailed in Washington. The first of all the humorous and satirical political writers to attain fame was the author of the Jack Downing (Seba Smith) letters in the *National Intelligencer*. They were relatively quite as widely read and commented on at that time as were the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby during the war and reconstruction periods. The fact that these letters appeared in the most dignified and respected journal of the country was conclusive evidence that they exhibited the highest type of the satirist, and it is known that the keen invective of Jack Downing was a more irritating thorn in the side of Jackson and his political followers than were the assaults of any of the able journals of the country which were then in opposition.

"Of course, the high and successful standard of journalism established by Joseph Gales would fall far short of the requirements of journalism of the present age; but it is only just to say that for a period of half a century he conducted a public journal of national reputation and maintained a pre-eminent position in American journalism even when brought into

competition with the pioneers of progressive newspapers issued by Greeley and Bennett. The old-time journalism required little energy in gathering all the news; the most successful journals of early times became so largely because of their ability and dignified conservations. There were many violent partisan newspapers in those days which assailed opposing parties and candidates with a measure of defamation that would not be tolerated in the present age, but it is creditable to the integrity of the older time that the *National Intelligencer*, which represented the absolute mastery of dignity and conservation in journalism was the most respected and potent of the great newspapers of that period.

"Mr. Gales followed the policy of Webster as proclaimed in his great speech in reply to Hayne, and supported Harrison, Clay, Taylor and Scott as Whig candidates for the Presidency. He ardently approved and defended the compromise measures in 1850 which wrecked the Whig party, and in 1856, when the great sectional issue became paramount, he had refuge under the banner of Fillmore, whose administration he had earnestly commended. It was evident, however, that the power of this great newspaper and its great editor was sadly enfeebled, as it stood on the narrow middle ground between the fiercely contending parties organized on sectional lines. The leaders of the slave interests had gone far beyond the bounds of conservatism, and their devotion to the Union was secondary to their devotion to slavery, while the Republicans of the North, inflamed by the aggressive exactions of the slave power, offered no field for the conservative and always patriotic appeals of Joseph Gales.

"The great issue that absorbed the nation had passed beyond conservative restraint, and the *National Intelligencer*, at whose utterances in former times the leaders of all parties took pause, languished in patronage, in influence and in every attribute of successful journalism, save the dignity and elegance which always embellished its columns. Fortunately in the midsummer of 1860, when the always able and earnest but almost unnoticed appeals for the preservation of the Union by the election of John Bell were well maintained, Joseph Gales was called to the dreamless couch of the dead. His

great work was done and he was gathered to his fathers before he could witness lingering death of the great national newspaper to which he had devoted his life, and by which he made American journalism honored at home and abroad."

"But mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
Mightiest Of Mighty Is The Press."

—Sir John Bowring

The English poet had in the *Intelligencer* an exemplar of his sentiment. The *Intelligencer* is the testament of the local historians. No one writes local history but resorts to its file. And what is found is to the aforesaid equal to gospel truth. From the beginning to its end it pursued a course without much modernization. The *Intelligencer* did not as the rising newspapers print all the news. Francis A. Richardson, the correspondent, says that Mr. Gales on a morning in 1860, being asked the news, replied, "I don't know, I have not yet read the Baltimore *Sun*." The *Intelligencer* had no social page, and in consequence, did not tell who gave a dinner and the host's boasted guests; it did not mention the social affair and what the ladies had on. What it considered minor matters were not magnified by notice.

George Alfred Townsend says:

"It was in its best days, cold-hearted, didactic, rather a 'bore,' except to a reverent man, a sort of Sunday-school journal for grown-up sinners. . . . But it had the longest existence of any merely national journal. This grave old affectation of a newspaper used to say not one word for perhaps a week after the issuing of a President's message. Then it would appear with a didactic broadside of comment, which would be meet for Whig journals all over the country."

That the *Intelligencer* was not up-to-date in sensation can be decided by the poet's standard:

“Turn to the press—its teeming sheets survey,
Big with the wonders of each passing day;
Births, deaths, and weddings, forgeries, fires and wrecks,
Harangues and hail-storms, brawls and broken necks,
Where half-fledg’d bards, on feeble pinions seek
An immortality of near a week;
When cruel eulogists the dead restore,
In maudlin praise to martyr them once more;
Where ruffian slanderers wreck their coward spite,
And need no venom’d dagger while they write;
While hard to tell, so coarse a daub he lays,
Which sullies most—the slander or the praise.”

—Charles Sprague.

Dr. James C. Welling became Mr. Seaton’s editorial Associate. Mr. Seaton pronounced his valedictory December 31. 1864. To the proprietorship Chauncey H. Snow and John F. Coyle succeeded in 1865 and upon the succession the publication office was removed to the Polkinhorn Building.

The publication under Snow, Coyle and Co., suspended June 24, 1869. It was revived by Alexander Delmar, editor and proprietor, Septempter 20, that year, with an expansion of title. It was published daily except Sunday, on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue between Ninth and Tenth Streets, old numbering 295. *The Star* welcomed the revivement with a compliment and a suggestion. The pleasure of the compliment was lost in the offense of the suggestion.

“ ‘*The Daily National Intelligencer and Washington Express*, the new Democratic morning paper, made its first appearance this morning, looking as bright and neat as a new pin; but might not the head be reduced just a little?’—*Star*.

Editor Delmar replied:

“Perhaps it might. But then you know—

“ ‘Big heads and little wit,
Little heads and not a bit.’ ”

The finis of the *Intelligencer* was January 10, 1870.

Its days were seventy years. "When seventy years are accomplished," scripturally is accomplished a perfect period.

At a public meeting held in the City Hall, August 17, 1860, initiatory steps were taken towards the erection of a monument. Gen. Roger C. Weightman was the chairman. Committees for the wards were appointed to receive subscriptions. The Civil War intervened and absorbed attention. The shaft in the Congressional Cemetery with the record of birth and death has on it chiselled:

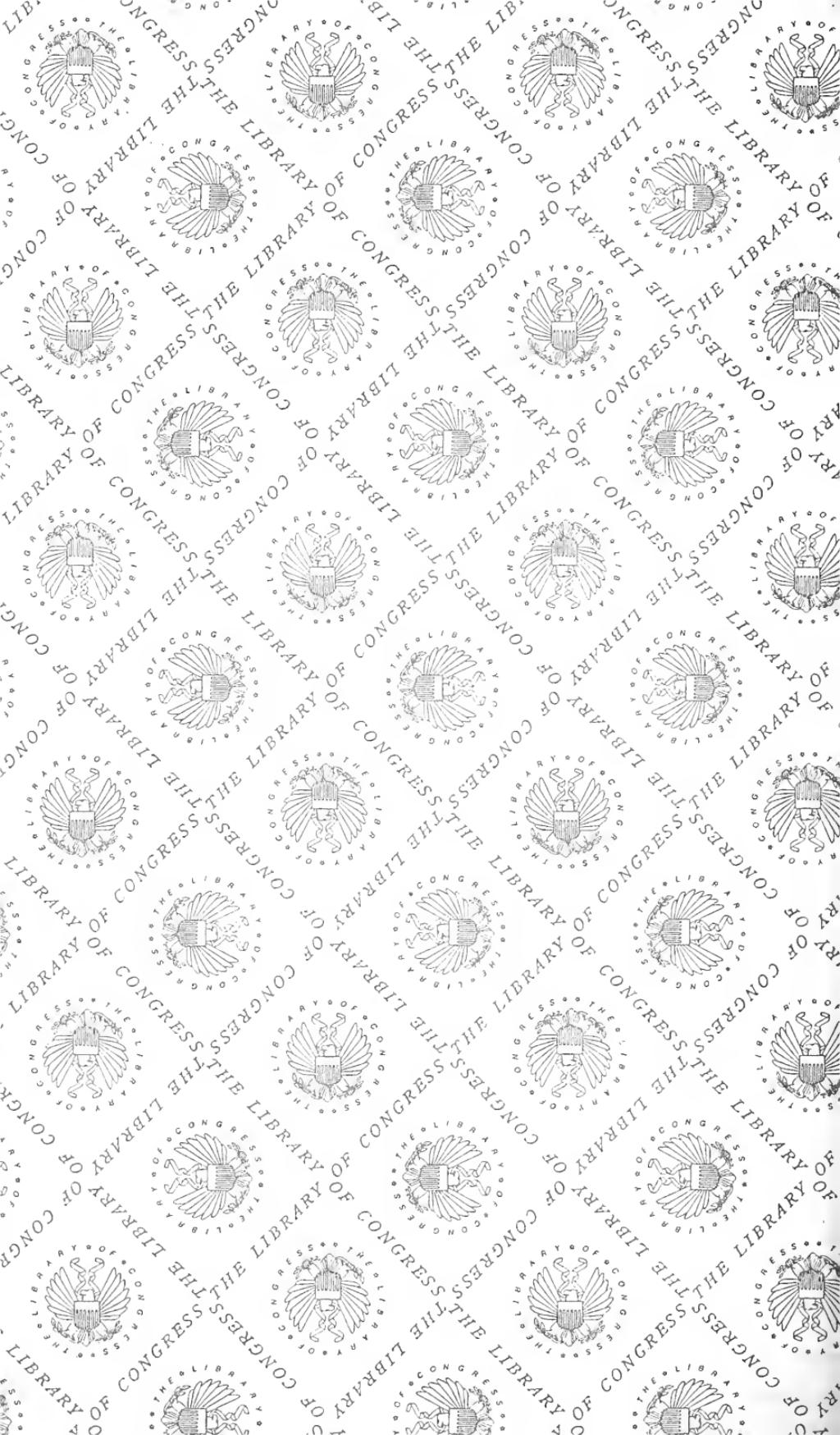
In Memory of
JOSEPH GALES
For More than Half a Century
The Leading Editor of
The National Intelligencer
A Journalist
Of the Highest Integrity
Ability, and Accomplishments,
This Monument is Erected
By Representatives of the
American Press
In Philadelphia, New York
and Boston.

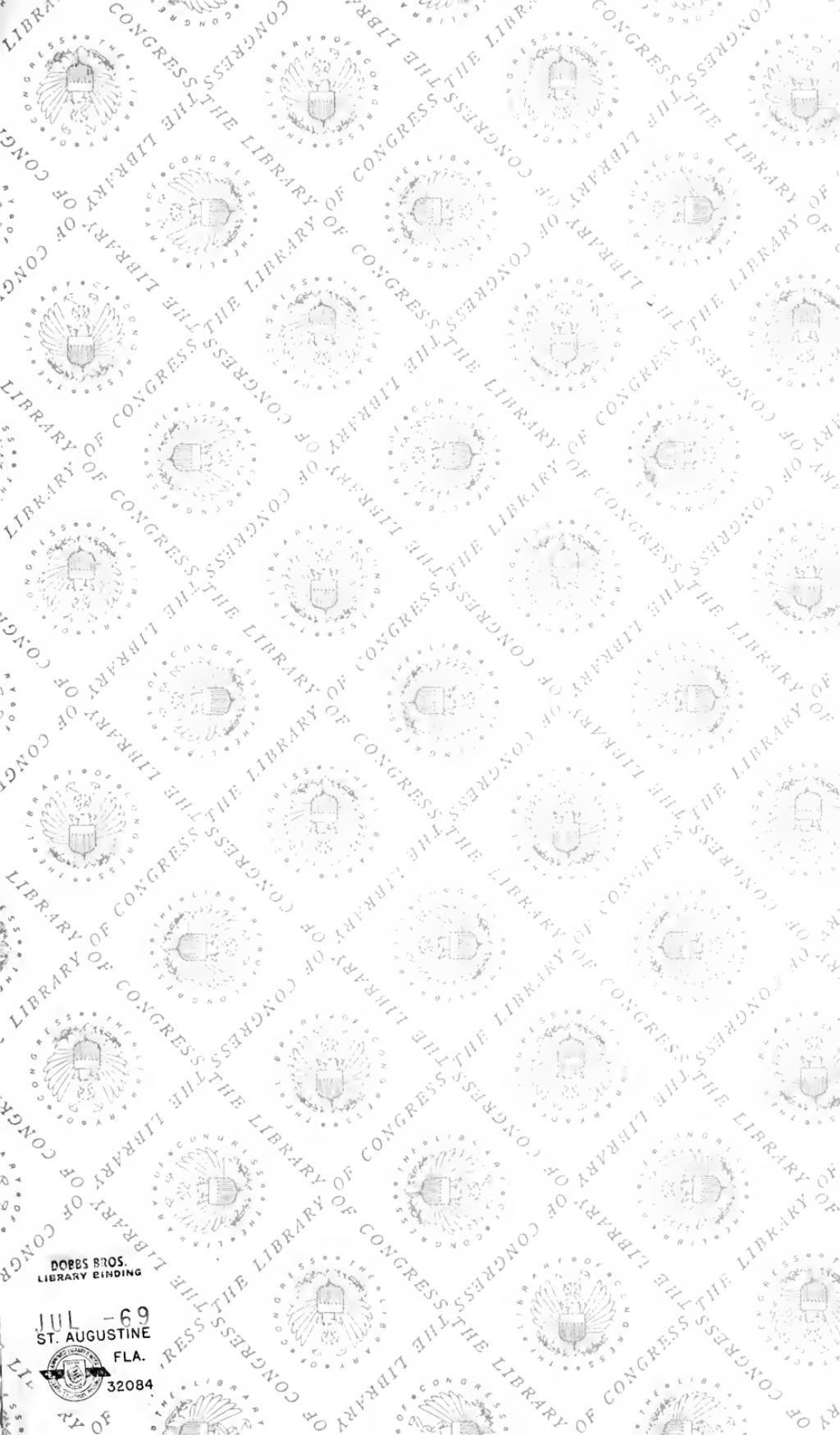
REMARKS OF WASHINGTON TOPHAM.

In my remarks following the reading of President Clark's paper, "Joseph Gales.—A Former Mayor of Washington," I stated that this subject was of unusual interest to me as the neighborhood of the home of Mr. Gales, corner of Ninth and E Streets, and the office of the *National Intelligencer* were the scenes of my earliest recollections and activities. My grandfather Enoch White, father of the late Geo. H. B. White, was a foreman of the composing room of the *National Intelligencer*

and highly esteemed by both Mr. Gale and Mr. Seaton. While in the service of the *Intelligencer* he lived across the street about where Odd Fellows Hall was afterward built, and there in 1829 my mother was born.

Opposite Mr. Gales' home on Ninth Street, above E, my grandfather, with James A. Kennedy, William W. Billing and a few others, founded and built the Ninth Street Methodist Protestant Church in 1833, the walls of which are yet standing, so like Mr. Davis, this old neighborhood was not only the scene of my earliest and happiest recollections, but that of my mother and grandfather as well.





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